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LETTERS

conspiracy or miasma?

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: In reference to "Miasmas of Watergate: The Truth Is Bad Enough" by Ron Dorfman [*The Nation*, July 30], the phrase of mine that got Dorfman's goat about "forcing refutation to speak in the struggle itself" is advice, of course. It means: seek confirmation of theory in the real world, not of the real world in theory. I think I can show that Dorfman does not do this.

I assume he sees it as no grave defect of intelligence if one observes, for example, that there was a conspiracy behind the Bay of Pigs invasion, and that figures in the Defense Department and the White House conspired to bomb Cambodia secretly and illegally in 1969 and 1970, and that in 1969 Nixon bought scenarios from RAND showing the ways a Presidential conspiracy might suspend elections and the Constitution, and that the still shadowy powers of Watergate conspired a thousand times, places and ways to undermine dissent, and that had it not been for Watergate there's no telling what fences would be keeping us today.

Dorfman knows that such events (would he say "pseudo-events"?) do not arise as the miasmas of a paranoid mind. Knowledge of them comes straight from the world of standard current political information. They happened. A thousand things like them happened. They are going on still. Does Dorfman doubt that? Or the importance of knowing that things like that go on?

Come to the Watergate/Hunt crash. Does Dorfman argue that there is no such thing as the Sarelli air piracy mob? Does he say that Skolnick's man Alex Bottos was not the government's star witness in an action against the Sarelli mob until it developed that Bottos would testify also that this same mob was involved in the United Airlines 553 crash? Does he say that Bottos was not thereupon clapped into the federal hospital prison in Clockwork Orange, Mo. for forty days, to be extricated only at the instance of an Indiana watchdog commission? Does he deny that the charges against Sarelli and the rest were dropped?

Dorfman makes much of it that Skolnick's doubts about cyanide poisoning could go either way, for Skolnick or against. You would think I had not said as much in the piece he quoted from: "There is a technically complicated argument about how much cyanide the pilot had in him, whether that much was fatal or not, whether he could have breathed it dying in the wreckage in the fumes of burning plastic, or indeed whether (as one Chicago coroner still insists) he was dead of a heart attack before the airplane ever hit the houses."

By itself the cyanide detail is not conclusive enough to seem that important. It gets brought up mainly because it is in such numerous company. Besides the scintilla of doubt about the cyanide, in other words, there is another scintilla of doubt about the altimeter, another about the in-flight tape recorder, and another about the electronic landing system on the ground, all admitted by FAA investigators and confirmed by FAA documentation. Dorfman does not begin to deal with the technical basis of these doubts. He barely mentions them.

There is another Skolnick point which Dorfman fails to mention. Intervening events have made it seem more important than ever. Skolnick says that within minutes of the crash "hundreds of agents" somehow materialized on the scene, not identifying themselves even to police, whom they physically kept out of the crash area. I had always regarded this as improbable and melodramatic. I took it as one of Skolnick's wild pitches.

But even as I was writing the defense of Skolnick which Dorfman jumps on, the chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board, John Reed, and Acting FBI Director William Ruckelshaus were exchanging letters on

(Continued on page 180)

EDITORIALS

The Nixon Mire

Little point would be served in demonstrating the weaknesses, evasions, contradictions and absurdities of the President's August 15th pronouncement on Watergate. Across the board, columnists, editorial writers and commentators have, with promptness, accuracy and remarkable unanimity, pinpointed the inadequacies of the speech. Perhaps because the "instant analysis" was, in this instance, so effective and emphatic, the initial public reactions, as indicated by the polls, confirm what the analysts have said, namely that the speech failed to rally public opinion to the President. In addition, the emptiness of the speech—"shallow to the point of sadness" commented Stewart Mott—was dramatized by an advance buildup which had encouraged the public to believe that a great revelation—a major pronouncement—was about to be delivered.

The fact is, of course, that the President had nothing new to say and the longer he and his advisers pondered the options, the clearer it became that all he could say was what he said. He could not dispute the facts. At the same time, his base of support is so narrow that he could not run the risk of an all-out assault on critics and "enemies," nor could he bring himself to confess that he knew or should have known what was going on, or plead incompetence or, given his nature, be honestly contrite and conciliatory. So all he could do was soften his tone, repeat what he had already said, offer vague assurances about achieving "a new level of political decency"—negated by his refusal to advance a single proposal in this direction—and appeal to "the silent majority" in the hope that these true believers will in turn rally the support he needs.

The critical weakness in his position—the one that distresses even his partisans—is his blunt refusal to release the tapes. Nor is he likely to back down. By his own admission, the tapes could be interpreted in a way that would negate his position, and this risk he cannot afford to run. In this sense, therefore, his refusal to release the tapes is tantamount to pleading the Fifth Amendment.

But he must hold the tapes for another reason. If either Haldeman or Ehrlichman are indicted, their counsel will demand production of the tapes knowing that the President will refuse to release them. They can then move for dismissal of the charges. The same consideration could apply to Dean and Mitchell but the President is not concerned about them. As long as Haldeman and Ehrlichman can be protected, they in turn will protect him. The difficulty, of course, is that the President has undercut his claim of privilege by having made the tapes available to Haldeman. To make them available to Haldeman but not to Dean is clearly prejudicial.

Moreover, the talk about "confidentiality" becomes absurd when advanced by a President who ordered the White House wired to record conversations and discussions. The fact is that he has destroyed the "confidentiality" he purports to protect. Even if he should finally prevail in the courts, his refusal to release the tapes

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will confirm the majority popular opinion that he knew about the cover-up. Dragging the issue out in the courts will, at best, buy a little time.

As to the special prosecutor's efforts to secure the tapes, the President has asserted the power to order cessation of a particular court proceeding if, in his sole judgment, other interests of government require it. The argument has a sinister overtone for it implies that there is no way, under the Constitution, by which the President's judgment in a matter of this sort can be tested or his discretion reviewed. As Senator Ervin has said, the President's position on the tapes is indeed "a queer one." Viewed in this light, there was nothing conciliatory about his speech. He has staked out a defense-in-depth —a "holding pattern" he intends to maintain.

But in purely political terms it is doubtful that the President can rally the degree of public support, approval and confidence his Administration must have in order to govern. He can send his daughter out to address the hard-hats in a friendly regional setting. He can harangue the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He can stage a European spectacular, with stops at various capitals with honor guards and trumpets. He can retreat to San Clemente and, in that princely setting, stage a carefully managed press conference. And if Congress returns after the recess convinced that sentiment is shifting to him—if only out of weariness and concern with issues other than Watergate—he can gradually step up a counteroffensive that could take on ugly overtones, as by charging Congress with a "stab in the back" in limiting his options in Indochina.

The charges against Agnew may help the President and again they may not. His best hope lies in the weakness of the Democratic leadership, notably in the Congress. The Democrats have not offered the alternative leadership which is necessary if opposition to the President is to be expanded. At the moment, Nixon has to be concerned with the press, the public and the Republicans, particularly such conservatives as Senator Goldwater, but he does not need to fear the Democrats. However he has other crises than Watergate to face: the Agnew charges, inflation, the situation in Indochina, the struggle with Congress, and the embarrassment of his many mansions. And new disclosures keep making headlines, the latest being Murray Chotiner's planting of a spy in the McGovern press entourage. Nor has the Ervin committee yet exhausted the material in its files; for example, Colson has still to testify.

Against this background it is clear that a section of the Establishment would like to see Nixon step down, but on the other hand the entire Establishment fears the consequences of impeachment: the confusion, delay, the ensuing bitterness, polarization and paralysis, not to mention unknown and unforeseeable dangers. Even so, the President's resignation remains a possibility. It is not, as William V. Shannon notes in *The New York Times,* inevitable, "but it is inherently logical and grows slightly more probable with each passing week." If Goldwater should finally tell the President to step down, he might decide to yield his 1972 "mandate" the way President Johnson yielded the mandate of 1964. But in the meantime of course we are all caught in the Nixon mire.

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Moment of Truth

One clear benefit flowing from Watergate is the way in which it has opened the eyes of Cuban refugees in Miami to the realities of Cuban-American relations. At the outset, the four Cubans who took part in the break-in were regarded as national heroes in the Miami community. Initially they justified their participation in the burglary on the ground that there was reason to believe that Fidel Castro was financing the campaign of Senator McGovern; also they felt a certain loyalty to E. Howard Hunt who had been one of their "leaders" in the Bay of Pigs fiasco. But CREEP does not stand by its agents the way the CIA is said to stand by theirs. At first the four Cubans received a modest subsidy with the hope or expectation of eventual executive clemency. But the funds were limited and the sources soon dried up. Only a few hundred dollars went for family support, plus a few thousands for attorney fees.

Naturally the Cubans are resentful now, and suspicious. Where did all that money go? The money that Ulasewicz had dropped in phone booths and other odd places, ostensibly for their use and benefit? "Where the hell is that money?" the wife of convicted burglar Bernard L. Barker wants to know. As might be expected the disillusionment of the four defendants—the feeling that they have been betrayed—has spread throughout the Cuban community in Florida. In itself this is a hopeful development. Perhaps these refugees will now realize that their hopes have been manipulated by individuals and agencies without compassion for them or any real interest in Cuba.

Whatever their differences with the Castro regime, the refugees should realize that it is not likely to be overthrown and they might also realize that, after all, this regime did make it possible for them to seek residence in this country where most of them have done very well. They should stop being cat's-paws. In the long run a détente between Castro's Cuba and the United States would be in their interests as well as those of their relatives and friends who still reside in Cuba. The Cuban community in Florida has important political clout. One may well doubt, in fact, that Washington decision makers would do anything so sensible as seek normalization of relations with Cuba as long as there is any reason to believe the party responsible for it "might lose Florida" in a national election. If Watergate liberates the refugees of their fixation on the violent overthrow of the Castro regime, it will have served an important purpose.

The Ninety-Four-Day Binge

Recently Dennis J. Doolin, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, International Security Affairs for East Asia and Pacific Affairs, appeared before the House Armed Services Committee to furnish answers to questions which had been previously propounded. The key questions were these: how many bombing sorties were flown over Cambodia by U.S. military airplanes from January 27, 1973 (the cease-fire) to April 30? Answer: 12,136. What tonnage of bombs and shells was dropped or fired on Cambodia by U.S. military forces during the same ninety-four-day period? Answer: 82,837 tons. The cease-fire in Laos was dated February 22, 1973. The tonnage for Laos, over a sixty-nine-day period, was 63,082 tons, number of sorties, 8,985. The total estimated cost—munitions, fuel, aircraft attrition, flight pay, etc.—for this savage bombing binge, conducted without clear legal or constitutional warrant, was $292,374,094—or an average of $3,110,363 per day.

After studying these figures, Rep. Andrew Young (D., Ga.) thought it would be interesting to demonstrate for his constituents what $3.1 million—just one day's outlay for the destruction of property and lives in Cambodia and Laos—could do for them over, say, a period of a year. A random survey provided seventeen projects, of which the smallest was $2,133 for drug abuse education by the Atlanta Urban League, and the largest was $636,000 for the education of high school dropouts. Another big item was $605,390 for construction of twenty-five units of low-cost housing. Most of the items were in the range of $20,000 to $200,000, amounts which could scarcely be visible at the Pentagon without the aid of a microscope. Things like loans to needy students at a local college, treatment of cancer patients, funds for nursing scholarships and nurses' training, continuation of programs for legal services for the poor, foster homes for retarded children, treatment of hypertension, etc. All to be had for the amount spent in a single day to spread devastation in Cambodia and Laos. Any number of studies, released over a period of a decade or more, have shown on a national scale what the cost of an aircraft carrier or a proposed weapons system might purchase in terms of sorely needed domestic programs and projects. But Representative Young has provided a more significant perspective by this simple demonstration, in concrete terms, of what a fraction of the cost of one militarily senseless and constitutionally dubious operation might do for his Atlanta constituents. This is the kind of comparison that should be made if the question of priorities, which has been endlessly debated in general terms, is ever to be translated into the stuff of practical politics. As an exercise in voter education it should be followed by all representatives and candidates interested in new priorities.

Unions and Universities

Of all institutions, unions should be capable of telling the general public some of the things it needs to know about the labor movement. But for reasons that remain opaque, too little is said or reported about labor's social contributions. Labor Day is an appropriate occasion to call attention to one such area. Recently the New York City Central Labor Council released a report which indicates that an estimated 8,000 students a year receive college scholarships through forty-two plans sponsored by thirty-seven local unions affiliated with the council. The grants range from $500 to $10,000 for up to four years of college study. The program should be better known, for it is not new. Albert Shanker, chairman of the council's education committee, calculates that local unions have to date awarded 28,000 scholarships at a cost of $8 million.

Several scholarships were established twenty-five years

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ago. Local 3, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, set up a scholarship program in 1949 which has granted 554 scholarships at a cost of $3 million. Awards offer a choice of nine colleges. In some instances companies contribute to union scholarship programs. The United Federation of Teachers grants 300 awards of up to $1,000 a year to students who come from low-income families and are graduates of the New York City public school system. The IAM grants eight college scholarships annually to children of members. The winners are selected by a panel of educators. New York's District Council 37, American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, teamed up with the College of New Rochelle last September to establish "DC 37 Campus." It is said to be the first union in the nation to have a fully accredited college of its own. Within a few days of the announcement, 458 persons had applied for only 137 places. Applicants must belong to a job category represented by the union, have a high school diploma, and pass a brief language-arts examination. Seminar topics this last year included: The Human Body, The American Experience, Designing the Future, and the Urban Community.

If these programs—cited at random—were better known, more unions might participate. And if universities and colleges showed more interest in unions and their members, more of such programs might be established. Recently Roosevelt University in Chicago issued a booklet about Patrick E. Gorman, honoring him for fifty years of distinguished labor leadership. It is rare that universities decide to honor labor leaders, even one as well-known and widely respected as Mr. Gorman. The booklet was appropriately entitled: "Mr. Amalgamated, Patrick E. Gorman" (Mr. Gorman serves as chief executive officer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen), and it lists his many contributions to the labor movement and the causes in which his union has participated. Mr. Gorman, of Irish background, long ago adopted the slogan: "Mavericks of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but public acceptability." But a surprising number of mavericks, including Mr. Gorman, ultimately win acceptability and honors. Unions and universities share a number of important concerns; if the relationship were cultivated a bit more, on both sides, it could flourish.

The Captains Depart

From Fort Benning, Georgia, the *Los Angeles Times* carries a Knight newspaper service report describing the latest RIF (reduction-in-force) and its consequences. Some 4,900 Army officers, most of them captains, have been released from duty, many within a few years of retirement. Another RIF, about eighteen months ago, resulted in the release of some 5,500 officers. The only officers being released are those holding U. S. Army Reserve commissions; Regular Army officers have what amounts to job tenure. Most of those released held the rank of captain; there are a lot of captains and they lack close ties with higher ranking officers who make key decisions about personnel. Colonels can afford to be philosophical. "A RIF is a numerical thing," one lieutenant colonel is quoted as saying. "Sometimes you have really good people who have to be released." So the captains depart unprepared, into the civilian world, some just a few years short of the twenty years of service needed for retirement.

It goes without saying that most of the captains are annoyed. "It's a slap in the face . . . I thought I had a lot on the ball, I really did . . . (but) there's nobody left to kill, so they are going to get rid of me." Many of the officers being released have fine records, but few have usable civilian job skills. An Army spokesman explained that the ousted officers were chosen because "something was missing from their career patterns." In most cases that "something" seems to have been a college diploma. Capt. Gary Carter, of San Jose, Calif., was bitter about being kicked out after thirteen years in the Army. "Suddenly you find you're surplus." With a wife and two children, Carter fears it will be difficult to find a job. "There's not much market for people who can walk 25 miles a day under a 40-pound pack." Capt. Bernard Kohlberg had served fourteen and a half years. He describes how the dismissal notice affected him: "I felt cold: it's over. It's like your wife walking out and saying she won't be back." Wives are also bitter. Some have lived so long in service centers that they feel "uncomfortable" with civilians. One had this to say of her husband: "He's never had a job. He's kind of frightened. I am, too. It's a big cold world out there."

Reductions-in-force are necessary but it is legitimate to speculate whether the fat or the lean is being cut. And the severance process, with no job training, seems even harsher than handing out dismissal notices to employees of a closed plant. Evidence mounts that morale is low in the armed services and these RIFs are not likely to improve it. What the Army has done—and this is admittedly cold comfort—is to send forth into civilian society thousands of men, many with wives and children, most of whom resent the fact and manner of their release. But as William Hogan, counsel for the House Armed Services Committee is quoted as saying, "There's no room for hearts and flowers. It's gotta be fact. The newspapers are printing a lot of bleeding-heart stuff from wives and certain officers, and I know that to lose your job is no easy thing. But it has to be a cold, hard decision." And most cold, hard decisions are usually made in a cold, hard way.

No Kidding

With tongue slightly in cheek, *The Nation* (July 30) published an editorial called "Watergate U.," in which it proposed a curriculum to be derived from the most dangerous covert threat to the Constitution in the nation's history. Now comes this UPI, one-sentence dispatch from Chicago:

> The University of Chicago will offer a course this fall on "Constitutional Aspects of Watergate," the university announced yesterday.

There is reason to hope that something may yet be saved from this wreckage.

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THE PROBLEM OF LEADERSHIP

TED LEWIS

The great central political issue in these economically and morally distressing times concerns what can be done to restore popular faith in the leaders and processes of government. This is what the national crisis is all about, regardless of how some political leaders obfuscate it.

Most Americans are now in a period of assessment over what can be quickly done about what is wrong. The high cost of living couples itself in most minds with the issue of sordid political conduct. There appears to be persistent alarming decay in the body politic as it functions on the federal level. The question that gropes for an answer is how to get a return of effective government by and for the people.

In this search for a solution of our troubles there is one indelible aim, to put in the Presidency next time around a man with the moral and political stature required for leadership when the country is under unprecedented stress. This is the explanation for the early sparks of interest in the Presidential potential of Percy of Illinois, Kennedy of Massachusetts, Rockefeller and Reagan, Baker, Mondale, Jackson, Connally, Muskie—yes, even Humphrey once again.

The leadership problem is apparent merely in the listing of such names. The country clearly yearns for a leader with the attributes of a Lincoln, Washington or Roosevelt. There is a chance, though slim, that the preferred type of figure is over the horizon, some untried but forceful individual, not a conventional political careerist; more on the fringes of a profession now lacking considerable public faith.

Of course it is imaginative drivel to get exercised in 1973 over who's best for the Presidency come January 1977. But one must have empathy for those who bring up the subject. The forlorn and forsaken need a reed, no matter how slender, to buoy up their low political morale.

Moreover there is a political vital statistic or two in this early grass-roots interest in a future national leader. Whether he is a Republican, Democrat or maverick appears inconsequential. It is his personal character and ability that will be important. And the second statistic, while negative, is a positive inability among voters to consider Congress, any Congress, a vehicle for redress of their wrongs.

I have been in Washington since early 1932, except for a brief interlude, and have watched national leaders and their parties rise and fall. Presumably I should by now have a philosophical tolerance toward the machinations of politicians and their ability on occasion to gyp the public—tolerance along the line that the people in an elective democratic system get pretty much what they deserve.

This is a dictum that revolts me. The people have comparatively little authentic power to exercise. The only constitutional format available to them is the elective process. They elect their President and their representatives in Senate and House, but they have limited control over selection of the nominees for office. This is because, under the two-party system, the politicians with their special interests more often put what is good for the party ahead of what is good for the morale of the nation in sponsoring candidates for the approval of the electorate.

The reason that it is impossible to be a philosophical optimist about the present Watergate horrors is this difficulty the electorate has in asserting the right to honest, effective representative government. The best that may be hoped for in the Congressional midterm elections of 1974 is not the scandalously long-delayed reform of a bumbling power-broker-controlled Congress but the replacement of thirty or forty hacks or mediocrities by Representatives and Senators in tune with the times. The party affiliation of the newcomers is not important. Whoever they are they will scarcely constitute a threat to the continuance of the present sickly leadership of Albert and Ford in the House and Mansfield and Scott in the Senate.

When one reflects on the probable shape of the 1976 Presidential campaign, hope of a reduction in the confidence gap is firmer. It is almost certain that each political party will nominate for President a knight in shining armor, real or contrived. If Watergate has done nothing else it has convinced too placid politicians that the American people were right, that there has been something wrong in Washington that merited the citizen revulsion that took hold in the political climate of the Lyndon Johnson years.

Thus the kingmakers know that in the future they must respond to this overwhelming demand for a national leader in whom the people initially can put their trust. All present Presidential hopefuls know this, and that in the intervening years their chances rest on their ability to be articulate, to talk sense to the American people, to develop a convincing image as truthful as "Honest Abe." In the process they must show an intelligent grasp of the national crisis and display the characteristics of a strong elected leader, the lack of which ruined George McGovern among the voters in 1972.

The way the leadership problem is almost bound to develop is fortunate for the country. The political system can survive basically intact for the remainder of this decade, even if the economy has critical ups and downs

Ted Lewis is one of the nation's most experienced and respected political journalists. He first went to Washington as a correspondent for the United Press, and in 1944 joined the staff of the New York Daily News. *For the past fourteen years, until his recent retirement, he wrote that paper's Washington political column.*

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and the federal establishment is unable to come up with effective solutions for other serious domestic problems. The credibility crisis centers around the Presidency; two Presidents in a row who phonied up or deliberately hid the truth about Vietnam and spread the same semantic veil over other policy issues. Another President who was hard to believe could govern only a supine nation stripped of its faith in democratic processes.

But to come back to the present, granting that the 1974 and 1976 elections should bring about changes for the better, the present is so bad that change *must* be for the better, or so it seems.

A weakened Presidency—which is the present state of affairs—is in no wise good for the country at this time of crisis. It thrusts on a Democratic controlled Congress the responsibility for a viable government and effective lawmaking. It centers power unequally and ineffectively in the legislative branch on a "caretaker" basis during the interregnum.

The nation is deprived of all semblance of moral and political leadership whenever a President is under the thumb of Congress, even when his own party is in control. The only time the composite leadership of Congress can be popularly effective is when there is strong leadership of Congress itself. There has not been any of this caliber since the Johnson-Rayburn years of the 1950s.

A comparatively leaderless Congress and a self-destroyed White House leader do more than suggest that the next three years will be trying ones for the republic. And that crisis in leadership is compounded by the leadership situation a notch below. We have the plight of Vice President Agnew in a kickback investigation and rumors that, should Agnew resign, either Melvin Laird or John Connally would be picked for the vacancy—two of the slyest political sharpies in the country.

Even the two great political parties are for the time being leaderless, for the titular leaders are leaders in name only. McGovern's authority is less than that of Democratic national chairman Strauss. President Nixon's Republican Party power is palpably on a par with McGovern's.

The leadership problem has an even more tragic dimension. The best naturally endowed national leader in the scales of articulation and forceful grasp of issues is the victim of Chappaquiddick.

This sort of vacuum must be endured until 1976. The years between may aggravate public uncertainty, and give the imaginative feeling of being in the windless eye of a hurricane.

A residue of the Nixon leadership remains intact. The probability is that he will remain in the White House, unimpeached. The fact that he is the only President we have should not be tossed aside as a trite, stupid remark. Weakened in authority as he is, bereft of the warmth of significant public support and with even members of his own party turning against him, there is still an important service he can render the nation. He can speak out about what he considers the excesses and derelictions of the legislative branch. In the next three trying years that alone could be an important role. It is one that only the seated President can fill. He alone can command a national audience.

What we have is a suddenly weakened Presidency, and a legislative establishment that through many Congresses has failed more often than not to respond effectively to national problems. Disillusionment with politicians comes in considerable part from the performance of "servants of the people" in House and Senate.

Much is being made in the aftermath of Watergate over how at long last Congress has reaffirmed its legislative authority under the Constitution, asserted its war-making and war-ending powers by forcing an end of the Cambodian bombing. This is all to the good but it does not constitute even one faltering step toward solving the nation's immense domestic problems.

What disturbs me greatly is the way the leadership problem is in grave danger of being entangled in extraneous matters for sectional or ideological political advantage.

The political significance of Senator Ervin's interpretation of the national crisis cannot be overemphasized. The grandfatherly chairman of the Senate Watergate investigation is a respected expert on the Constitution. He believes we are undergoing the greatest constitutional crisis in the history of the republic, greater even than that posed by the Civil War.

The North Carolina Senator is alarmed about the danger of corruption of the Constitution, that we are engaged in a great confrontation between those forces that would manipulate the Constitution to their own political purposes, and those that consider the document a hallowed covenant spelling out precisely the form of government and the extent of individual and property rights.

It is the Fascist mentality uncovered in the Nixon White House that worries Ervin, the totalitarian state methodology of hired spies, infiltrators, burglars and rumor mongers, the enemy lists of political opponents, of blueprints on how to rig an election.

Ervin's interpretation of the crisis has been seized on avidly by political conservatives. They too want to be listed as guardians of the Constitution. The result could safely be predicted. Defense of the Constitution against its enemies is the preferred major issue in Congressional 1974 and Presidential 1976. In the South, primarily, that is. There is even some talk about how the Constitution could be best protected by election of a President from Dixie.

I bring this up because it shows the way the real crisis can be obfuscated. The crisis of confidence is among a people. They have not lost faith in the Constitution; they are the bulwark of strength behind it. The bogey of a Fascist takeover does not frighten them, only disgusts them. It is the politicians who have let them down, not the Constitution.

God willing the people will elect a President in 1976 who will have their view of the crisis, and offer the kind of leadership that will return confidence and trust, and restore to America a government by and for the people. □

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LABOR DAY, 1973

UMW AND STRIP MINING

The Curse of Coal

PETER J. BERNSTEIN

Under the watchful eyes of Maj. Gen. James B. McPherson, commander of the Union Army at the battle of Atlanta, whose statue is suffering the indignities of subway construction in the square named after him, stands the still-imposing headquarters of the United Mine Workers of America.

The building, like others constructed at the turn of the century in Washington, used to be a university club. The gaslights are still there, hanging beside the big oaken doors on the graystone façade, as they did in 1934 when that great battle-hardened Welshman with the bushy brows and thirst for a brawl, John Llewellyn Lewis, better known as John L., ambled into the place, liked its view of the White House and the Capitol, and set up shop in the name of the union.

No sooner had the former occupants been purged from the place than Lewis added a 6th floor to the regal 5-story building and equipped it with a private bedroom, kitchen, a Chippendale-furnished dining room, and an English Tudor-style study complete with a fireplace large enough for 6-foot logs. His quarters would have done a Morgan or Rockefeller proud. The 6th floor remained his sanctuary through twenty-five years of strikes, injunctions and accommodations until his retirement in 1960. Even after he had left, no one used the upstairs, not even W.A. "Tony" Boyle, his loyal protégé.

This past December when a partly disabled miner named Arnold Miller led a slate of Miners for Democracy in what many consider the greatest rank-and-file labor victory since the end of World War II, one of Miller's first acts was to convert the 6th-floor suite into offices for the union's health and safety division. Another was to remove the gate that prevented visitors from penetrating past the downstairs lobby without an approving summons from on high.

Miller, a mountain man, courteous and humble, whose suit is off the rack, feels uncomfortable in the ornate building. He has done nothing to Boyle's office on the 2nd floor, except to remove the pictures of Boyle from the wall. The office, made to seem even larger by its vaulted ceilings and chandeliers, is closed off from the traffic below by drapes that are almost always drawn, as if to preserve some grim reminder of Boyle's blood-stained and tyrannical twelve-year reign.

Against that background, it's no wonder that Miller is seeking a new site for the union's headquarters "closer to the coal fields."

"This rockpile is part of the past, when the UMW had 600,000 members and a big treasury," Tom Bethell, a top aide to Miller, said the other day. "The union is now down to 200,000 members, of whom only 120,000 are working in the mines. The rest are either disabled or retired, or both.

"The truth is," said Bethell, "we're no longer that wealthy, and there's no question but that the union would be a lot better off if it were headquartered where its membership live and work."

According to Bethell, a 34-year-old journalist who heads the UMW's planning and research department, the union's general treasury contains only about $33 million—not very much to fall back on in the event of a prolonged strike. The mine workers' contract with the coal industry is due to expire in November 1974. Bargaining is expected to be tough, not only over salaries and working conditions but over the industry's royalty payments to the all-important welfare and retirement fund for miners and their families.

The UMW in past years bargained with the coal companies. But today the companies are increasingly part of conglomerate corporations or subsidiaries of oil companies. Two of the three largest coal producers are oil companies (Consolidation Coal, a subsidiary of Continental Oil Co. and Island Creek Coal Co., a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum Co.); five of the largest ten also are oil companies. Looked at another way, of the top fifteen coal producers, only three are independent. This means the coal industry is run by huge energy trusts that manipulate markets, create their own energy crises, and have the power to open and close mines as it suits their needs. Whether or not the energy trusts are involved in some concerted strategy, it is interesting to note that while the demand for coal has greatly increased, actual production of coal this year is running behind last year's output.

In spite of innumerable Congressional hearings and reports, Presidential proclamations and the enactment of safety laws, there has been no halt to the carnage in the coal pits. The work still breaks a man's body. If he survives the cave-ins and explosions that have taken more than 100,000 lives in the past half-century, chances still are that by age 50 or 55 he will be a wheezing, coughing, broken human being whose miseries medicine can't relieve.

Miller, who spent years in the mines and is a victim himself of pneumoconiosis, or black lung disease, has urged Congress to extend the program of disability benefits but with stringent controls that would result in fewer dollars being siphoned off in lawyers' fees.

The abuse of the black lung compensation law would be a national scandal if it weren't for the fact there are

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so many others these days. According to an account in the August issue of the *United Mine Workers Journal*, eleven eastern Kentucky lawyers earned a total of $3.8 million on state and federal black lung claims last year. One of the lawyers, Kelsey Friend, whose office is in the coal-mining town of Pikesville, received $1,008,950 in legal fees last year, the *UMW Journal* said. So far this year he has made even more and that should bring his total income above the $3 million mark since the rush of black lung claims began three years ago. Hopelessly late, as usual, Congress is now half-heartedly facing up to the fact that some changes need to be made in the law.

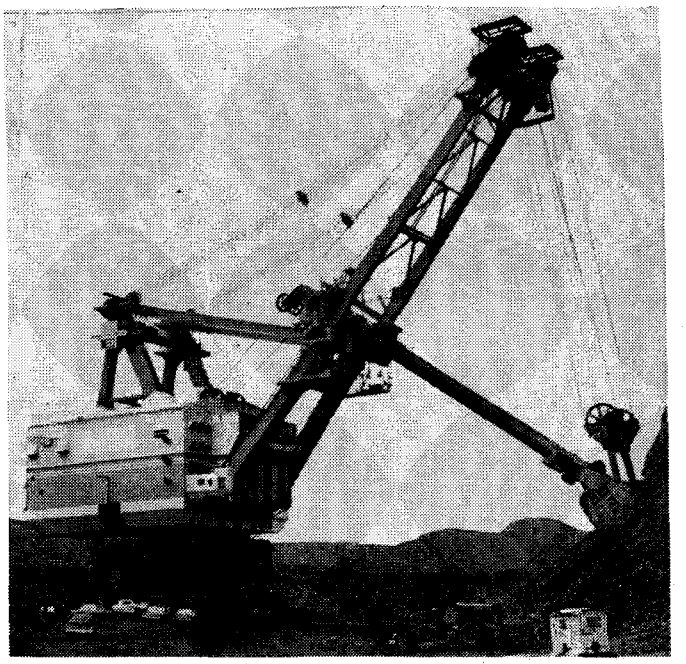
To his credit, Miller has tried to establish closer relations with the AFL-CIO, mostly at the urging of Joseph Rauh who did much of the legal work during the bitter election campaign. But developing ties with labor chieftains hasn't been easy. (One of Miller's first acts was to cut his own wages and those of the union hierarchy, setting an awkward example for some of his greedy brethren elsewhere at the top.)

By the same token, the plan to pull the union headquarters out of Washington hasn't been greeted with much enthusiasm, even by a number of UMW aides, who don't look forward to living in a place like Charleston, W. Va. That's just the problem. The union still has a long way to go before it meets the needs of its members, though there's far more opportunity now for rank-and-file miners to be heard than in the old days when Lewis and Boyle appointed "provisional" district officers to enforce their will. One UMW aide, who welcomes the opportunity to leave Washington, said the move could only benefit the union. "The idea of having headquarters where the miners live and work will protect the union leadership from the creeping insularity that happens even when their intentions are good, and particularly when they're not good."

Through a series of legal challenges, UMW reformers have succeeded in opening up the welfare and retirement fund to thousands of disabled miners, widows and dependents who had been shut out in past years. But this is causing a severe financial drain on the fund, which operates independently of the UMW under a three-member board composed of union and industry representatives and a neutral member. In the fiscal year 1971-72, for example, the fund took in $198.1 million from coal royalties and annual investments, yet paid out $225.3 million in benefits. The benefits included $120 million for pensions, $96 million for medical and hospital care, and $9.3 million for funeral expenses. The deficit is being paid through an $80 million reserve, but the reserve is shrinking fast.

The fund's shaky financial condition is a major source of concern for the UMW—and a way for industry to keep the union under its thumb. With royalties based on coal tonnage, the fund's treasury depends heavily on the rate of coal production. This dependence severely inhibits the union's ability to strike. It also places a premium on the types of mining that produce the most coal, which is strip and auger mining that destroy the hills and hollows where most miners live, and render the land useless.

The system works this way: coal companies operating in the Appalachian states are required to contribute 60¢



for every ton of coal mined under UMW contract. While only about 10 per cent of UMW's members are strip miners, upward of 40 per cent of the UMW coal is coming now from strip mines. That adds up to only one thing for UMW organizers: the more strip mines there are in the UMW fold, the higher will be the royalty payments for the pension fund.

Given the fact that strip mining across the nation accounts now for more than half of the coal produced and only 10 per cent of the strip-mine operations are under UMW contract, the union is trying to expand into this new territory. Attempts are under way to organize miners in southwestern Virginia and eastern Kentucky, strip-mining regions where the union is weakest.

The potential is even greater on the huge surface mines that have opened in recent years in the Far West, ranging from the Northern Plains of Montana and Wyoming to Arizona's coal-rich Black Mesa. So far the biggest UMW mine is on the sagebrush-dotted upland of northern Arizona where the Peabody Coal Co., the nation's largest, has leased from the Navajo Indians mining rights on about 100 square miles. The coal is within 120 feet of the surface, permitting companies like Peabody to simply roll back the earth and strip the coal, one acre after another, dumping the unwanted strata into thousands of uninterrupted acres of geometrically perfect windrows of spoil banks.

Geologists estimate there is enough coal on the Black Mesa seam to provide 13 million tons a year for at least thirty-five years. Peabody, a subsidiary of the Kennecott Copper Corp., is already committed to supplying coal for two new generating plants that will provide power for much of the Southwest.

While the Western coal tends to be more valuable than much of the Appalachian coal due to its low sulfur content, it carries a royalty price under the existing contract of only 20¢ a ton rather than 60¢. Still, royalties over the next thirty-five years at the Peabody Black Mesa mine alone will amount to a whopping $91 million. That's

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in addition to an estimated $100 million in royalty payments guaranteed to the Navajos and Hopis, which makes stripping all the more appealing—much to the dismay of increasing numbers of people around the country who are opposed to strip mining.

The UMW is currently attempting to organize the Navajo strip mine of the Utah Construction and Mining Co. near Farmington, N.M.—the largest single producer of coal in the country. Its annual output from Indian coal lands is more than 8 million tons for the Four Corners Electric Power Complex, an environmentally controversial steam-electric station serving New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and Southern California.

Also, UMW organizers are at work on the Northern Plains. At Colstrip, Mont. (appropriately named by the company), where giant green-and-yellow shovels rear against the sky like prehistoric monsters, gobbling coal from the earth at roughly an eighth the cost of an underground mine in Appalachia, the UMW recently won the right to represent the miners. The union also won the same right to represent miners at the mammoth Rosebud strip mine, run by a subsidiary of the Peter Kiewit Construction Co. in Wyoming. Surface mines in the West are completely automated, usually with as few as five men to a shift.

"It's unfortunate but the trend in coal production is toward the West and toward more strip mines," Bethell says. "Our feeling is that if it's coal it ought to be UMW."

To be sure, the UMW is facing competition from the Teamsters and the Operating Engineers. Many strip miners, especially on the Western prairie, consider themselves heavy equipment operators rather than miners. Even in Appalachia, some of the strippers operating draglines and bulldozers are former road builders who turned to strip mining almost overnight when the government impounded funds for highway construction projects.

The disturbing fact that the UMW has an economic stake in strip mining—however indirect it may be—is a source of bitter irony for people who recall Arnold Miller's outspoken campaign in recent years against the strip-mine devastation of Appalachia's Cumberland Mountains. As president of the Black Lung Association, Miller called for the abolition of all contour stripping in the scenic hilltops and hollows of West Virginia, Tennessee and eastern Kentucky. It was an issue about which he felt strongly—and one can only hope he still does to this day.

Strip mining is safer and cheaper than the conventional underground mining. But it has left a trail of scarred mountains, mutilated land, and polluted and silted streams and rivers. Countless poor families—mostly retired and disabled underground miners—are being driven from their homes by strip operations using giant draglines whose mechanized claws are devouring the land at the rate of 4,000 to 5,000 acres every week. Today, the government estimates that orphan lands left unrepaired by more than 100 years of virtually unregulated strip mining total 2 million acres—the equivalent of a mile-wide slash stretching across the country from New York to San Francisco.

The carnage has been going on since World War II in central Appalachia, where the coal seam is thickest. But the stripping intensified in 1970 when a nationwide fuel shortage together with increased exports to Japan shot the price of coal from $6 to as high as $16 a ton. Hundreds of small mine operators and heavy equipment owners in quest of quick profits went after the deposits easiest to mine near the surface. They merely had to rip away the covering layer of soil and rock to get to the veins of coal.

Once confined to the Daniel Boone country of Appalachia, stripping for coal now extends into twenty-six states—from Alabama and Oklahoma to Washington in the far Northwest. Its ugly scars are visible in every region of the country. And with coal prices rising, strip mining has burgeoned into a billion-dollar industry.

The forces behind the sudden boom are complex, and the reasons for them are probably as irresistible as money. First, despite the wide acceptance during the 1960s of visionary forecasts for nuclear electric power, half the nation's electricity is still generated by coal-fired steam turbines. Nor have imports of fuel oil been able to satisfy the nation's seemingly insatiable appetite for power. Consequently coal has had to take up the slack.

Strip-mine production has soared in the last few years, from about one-third of the annual coal tonnage in 1968 to more than half now. According to the United States Bureau of Mines, the cost savings over deep-mined coal is on the order of one-third in Appalachia and even more in the West. Productivity per worker runs as high as five to one in favor of stripping, and is going higher under the Federal Coal Mine and Safety Act of 1969, which requires deep mines to take expensive steps to curb the high rate of death and injury underground. There are reports the safety law has made strippers out of a number of mine owners who couldn't or wouldn't pay the increased costs of underground safety.

Faced with this economic fact of life, UMW officials say they cannot afford to call for a ban on strip mining in view of the thousands of men whose livelihood depends on it. In West Virginia alone, the industry estimates that there are 18,000 to 20,000 persons employed in strip-mine operations, although environmental groups believe the actual number of miners is considerably less. (Industry figures include coal company lawyers and accountants as well as people working for related industries which depend on strip-mined coal.) Legislative proposals to retain strip miners for underground work are not taken seriously. "The guy working on a bulldozer is not about to go back into a deep mine. Not only he but his wife would strenuously object," the UMW's Bethell says. "Converting jobs to underground mining at this point in time is a joke."

Harry Caudill, the backwoods Kentucky lawyer and author, who awakened a generation of Americans to the plunder of strip mining in his book, *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, described how the coal industry, including the TVA, had turned Appalachia into an environmental basket case.

"Coal," Caudill wrote, "has always cursed the land in which it lies. When men begin to wrest it from the

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earth it leaves a legacy of fouled streams, hideous slag heaps and polluted air. It peoples this transformed land with blind and crippled men and with widows and orphans. It is an extractive industry which takes away all and restores nothing. It mars but never beautifies. It corrupts but never purifies."

Strip mining, Caudill has said, is "the world's supreme act of greed." In the timbered hills of eastern Kentucky "we are destroying a forest 60 million years old—the richest on the planet—so a few men can become millionaires."

UMW officials like Bethell readily agree that strip mining degrades the landscape, not only in Appalachia but also on the Black Mesa and the Northern Plains. If the environment, they say, were the only consideration, the UMW would endorse legislation (co-sponsored by eighty-four members of Congress) to eliminate strip mining everywhere in eighteen months. "But there are economic and social restraints," Bethell says. "When you're living in a precarious economy you don't go off half-cocked in supporting legislation that may create large-scale unemployment."

Bethell points out that if all the contour and auger mining in the Appalachian region were eliminated tomorrow there would be a loss of 120 million tons of coal over the next twelve months—roughly one-fifth of the nation's coal production. Since it takes about three years to expand or open new deep mines, the nation would face a severe coal shortage unless new surface mines were opened in the West. Meantime, thousands of Eastern miners would be laid off, creating "a nightmare situation," Bethell says.

Such dislocation could be averted through the implementation of a national fuels policy by a strong, central federal agency empowered to set priorities for coal delivery and to direct the phasing-out of mountain strip mining. "The likelihood of this ever happening is remote," Bethell says. "It would require government leadership on a much tougher basis than anyone in the Nixon Administration is willing to support or anyone in industry is willing to accept."

For its part the UMW, Bethell says, will support legislation to eliminate the worst abuses of mountain stripping—the ugly high walls, silt and acid runoff that turn streams orange, landslides, and mining in ecologically fragile areas where reclamation is impossible. The truth is that its public position is not much different from industry's. Both the National Coal Association and the American Mining Congress have said about the same things.

Yet the union fears the long-range impact of a gradual shift in mining from the Appalachian region to the Western surface mines. For one thing, miners in the West tend to have the same conservative values as the executives of the companies they work for. For another, the mines are entirely automated and employ far fewer men than do the Eastern deep mines. In addition, the mines are spread out across vast areas, often with individual mines hundreds of miles apart, which makes organizing them that much more difficult.

"We're not going to promote surface mining in the West," Bethell says. "There's plenty of low-sulfur coal in the East. But it looks as it we're going to have to live with strip mining for a number of years. We don't have much choice."

Bethell, who used to publish an incisive, muckracking newsletter called the *Coal Patrol* before he joined up with the UMW, feels as strongly about the Northern Plains of Montana and Wyoming as he does about the Cumberland Mountains. He has a friend whose ranch on the fringe of the Cheyenne Reservation in southeastern Montana is threatened by strip-mine interests. The thought of mutilating the open prairie turns his stomach. He has been out there, he has seen the wind-swept land covered with sagebrush and tumbleweed; the low mountains, buttes, Indian burial grounds, and rimrock ridges painted in pastel shades of pink and purple, shaded by cedar and ponderosa pine. He has seen the plains that sustain ranches and farms whose owners have fought against blizzards, pests, drought and high winds—and have treasured their independence and the spaciousness and natural beauty of the environment.

"Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia are what the West is going to look like thirty years from now unless something is done to stop it," he says. "Ranchers will be driven off their land, valuable water resources despoiled, and the development of mine-mouth power plants will result in towns of mobile homes going through boom and bust cycles."

Already, there are indications that Western stripping of the semi-arid plains is causing an upheaval comparable to the drastic changes that occurred a hundred years ago when buffaloes were eliminated and Indians corralled on reservations. To protect themselves, ranchers in Montana and Wyoming have banded together to form the Northern Plains Defense Council. They face one overriding difficulty: their ancestors in almost all cases either sold away or never acquired the mineral rights to the land they own. The rights belong to the federal government or the railroads, which lease them to the coal companies and then make an enormous profit shipping the coal out to utilities in cities as distant as Chicago and Minneapolis.

An almost identical situation exists in eastern Kentucky, where local courts have upheld the legality of broad-form deeds to mineral rights that were acquired a century ago for next to nothing. About 20 per cent of the coal stripped from the hilltops and hollows is now being exported to Japan and Western Europe.

Once again, Congress is considering legislation to tame, but not outlaw, the strip mining of coal. Two environmentally minded legislators, Rep. Patsy Mink of Hawaii and Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona, chairmen respectively of the key subcommittees on mining and the environment, have drafted legislation aimed at phasing out contour mining on steep slopes. The measure establishes standards to be enforced by the states that would make it economically unfeasible to strip for coal on hills steeper than 20 degrees. The net effect of such a rule, according to a study done by Nixon's Council on Environmental Quality, would be to place off limits 30 per cent of the strippable coal reserves in Appalachia, and up to

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95 per cent of the coal reserves in eastern Kentucky.

Mention of the bill in the presence of coal industry executives or Nixon Administration officials is like waving a red flag in front of a herd of crazed bulls. Carl Bagge, president of the National Coal Association, said the bill's enactment into law would cripple the coal mining industry and cause large-scale unemployment. Interestingly enough, the bill has elicited no such alarm from the UMW. Rather, Bethell, in a letter to the joint subcommittees working on the bill, offered a "qualified" general endorsement.

The rise of the reform wing of the UMW offers an opportunity to bridge the gap between the labor and environmental movements and to use their collective resources to come to grips with the oppression of public-be-damned corporate policies and an unresponsive, if not openly hostile, Administration.

Just as the fight against the SST involved the United Automobile Workers and the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, there is hope that in the not too distant future the United Mine Workers will take the leadership in the battle against destructive strip mining.

Several years ago, when he was campaigning for the abolition of stripping in mountainous areas of West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, Arnold Miller confided to a visitor that he was not optimistic about bringing stripping to a halt in the foreseeable future. But he said the campaign against stripping was like a bargaining session over wages. "If you expect to get a half dollar, you don't ask for a half dollar. You ask for two." □

CHAVEZ AND THE FARM WORKERS

'We Have Our Patience'

J.B. LIEBER

Like Vietnam, the civil rights demonstrations, and Chicago, the grape strike of the late 1960s offered moments that stick in the mind. I particularly recall film clips of the migrants' march to Sacramento and of Chavez breaking his three-week fast. Also, there is the image of growers and farm workers signing contracts around a large conference table in 1970. The Archbishop of Los Angeles formally handed pens to each side. The war, it seemed, was over.

Recently, the United Farm Workers' pact with the growers has fallen to pieces. In various crops, including grapes, the UFW has been stripped of its jurisdiction. Frequently, the Teamsters have absorbed these fields. Elections haven't been held. Apparently, the union of the workers has been changed without their consent.

Like much that is important to California agri-business, the trend has roots in Salinas, the center of the lettuce industry. In 1961, a major Salinas grower negotiated the first contract providing field workers with a union. The grower was Bud Antle, Incorporated, the second largest lettuce producer in the world. The union was the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Antle and the Teamsters touted their agreement as a progressive innovation in the largely unorganized history of farm labor. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In the winter of 1960-61, the now defunct Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO, was waging a successful strike in Southern California's Imperial Valley. Salinas, which is about 100 miles south of San Francisco, doesn't begin its harvest till summer. Before the strike could start on his land, Antle signed with the Teamsters. The arrangement insured that a walkout would be enjoined under the California Jurisdictional Strike Act which prohibits strikes against management that arise from interunion rivalries.

In several respects, the Antle contract was the precursor of future grower-Teamsters arrangements. For one thing, it was a sweetheart contract—the workers weren't consulted prior to its enactment. Also, most of the workers received no representation whatsoever. Only permanent employees, a tenth of the work force, were covered. The remainder, migrants and Mexicans, were of course the ones who most needed coverage. Finally, there arose an increasingly chummy relationship between the company and the Teamsters. In 1963, the Teamsters loaned Antle $1 million. The vice president for transportation at Antle, Anthony Navarole, told me that by the end of the decade, the corporation had switched all of its freight from rail cars to 240 trailers.

The year 1970 was another significant one for Salinas and for farm labor. In late July, just after the resolution of the grape dispute, the UFW presented the Salinas lettuce growers with petitions for holding union representation elections. The growers ignored the request. Instead, they held secret meetings with the Teamsters in a Salinas motel. The Teamsters emerged with jurisdiction over workers in approximately 200 fields. The workers, of course, never were consulted. On August 26, 5,000 to 7,000 of them stopped harvesting lettuce. The *Los Angeles Times* announced "the largest farm labor strike in United States history."

Growers normally play down a strike's effectiveness. That summer it was impossible. A spokesman for Inter Harvest, the largest producer (and a subsidiary of United Fruit) commented, "The Teamsters have our contracts but UFWOC has our workers." A Brown & Hill representative admitted, "I need 700 workers today; my Teamsters contract guarantees that I will have those workers, but I have only 100 workers in the fields." Finally, on September 17, a local Salinas judge enjoined "all strike

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activity." The ruling, which was premised on the Jurisdictional Strike Act, broke the strike. The Farm Workers are practitioners of civil disobedience. If they violate unjust laws, they accept the penalties. Sitting in jail on contempt charges would have been tolerable, but the judge also set an elaborate scale of fines which the union couldn't afford.

Though short-lived, the strike produced results. Inter Harvest and another major grower, D'Arrigo, rescinded their Teamsters contracts and signed with the Farm Workers. The UFW began boycotting the other producers, one of whom, Mel Finerman, came to terms.

The Farm Workers even had cause to believe that the Teamsters would pull out of the fields. In March of 1971, Frank Fitzsimmons and George Meany signed a "No Raiding" pact which provided that the Teamsters would recognize the Farm Workers' jurisdiction over the fields if the Farm Workers would reciprocate in the packing sheds and canneries. But the Teamsters neither honored the agreement nor enforced their contracts. Stewards weren't placed in their fields, grievances weren't processed, and benefits didn't accrue to the workers. Bill Grami, the Western Conference of Teamsters director of organization, said that "if the growers want to rescind the contracts with us, we'll let them." Most of the growers, however, seemed satisfied with the arrangement. With the Teamsters they had control over their land that was virtually as complete as in the pre-union days. In addition, most of the public could be gulled into believing that since the workers had a union they were being represented. Invariably, the growers labeled the lettuce boycott a symptom of an interunion dispute to which they were innocent and brutalized bystanders. The growers always neglected to mention that they had selected one of the unions and that it had functioned as a union in name only.

On December 29, 1972, the California Supreme Court opined against such collusion. In a 6-to-1 decision, the court voided the injunction of strike activity in Salinas. Management hardly had been victimized by a jurisdictional dispute: "From a practical point of view, an employer's grant of exclusive bargaining status to a non-representative union must be regarded as the ultimate form of favoritism."

Again, the Farm Workers vainly hoped for recission of the sweetheart contracts and for elections in Salinas. On January 7, 1973, the growers and Teamsters renegotiated their contracts which still had three years to run. Not surprisingly, the Teamsters managed a nickel more in some field categories than the UFW had gotten from Inter Harvest in September. The Teamsters contracts, unlike the UFW's, didn't establish union hiring halls, or give the workers any contol over pesticide use. Nor did the contracts provide elected representatives in the fields.

The Teamsters formed another unusual bond in March when they signed an agreement with the National Association of Farm Labor Contractors. Little is known about the pact save that it allows labor contractors to operate normally in Teamsters fields. The UFW doesn't tolerate "contratistas" where it has jurisdiction, and one of the cornerstones of the United Farm Workers philosophy is the eventual dismantlement of the contractor system.

Labor contractors recruit and deliver workers to farms. When a worker is placed in a job, the contractor takes a slice out of his pay. Even where there is an agreed hourly wage as in Teamsters fields, the arrangement dictates that contractors will deliver workers who are willing to work for less, i.e., pay more for their jobs. Mexican nationals normally require lower wages than natives, and contractors are expert at importing them illegally. Almost 450,000 illegal border crossings were *recorded* during the 1972 fiscal year.

Contractors also break strikes. During a walkout they'll recruit, and if necessary transport workers from distant areas. It's no wonder that the UFW prefers to dispatch workers through conventional hiring halls.

In April, the Teamsters went into the grape business. On Saturday, April 14, the Farm Workers' contractual jurisdiction over the fields of the Coachella Valley 150 miles southeast of Los Angeles officially ended. That weekend, the growers went into seclusion in nearby Palm Springs with leaders of the Teamsters Union. The Teamsters emerged with contracts covering 85 per cent of the Coachella grapes. All but two growers signed over their fields. No elections had been held. The Farm Workers called a strike.

The Teamsters justified their booty by claiming 4,000 farm workers had signed petitions requesting their representation. During the period when the Teamsters supposedly had collected signatures, a group of twenty-five clergymen and Rep. Edward Roybal (D., Calif.) polled 953 farm workers in Coachella of whom 795 preferred the UFW over the Teamsters, or no union. At the time, there were between 1,000 and 2,000 workers in the Valley for pruning and thinning. The harvest which would require an additional 3,000 to 4,000 workers was still seven weeks away.

On July 29, the UFW's Delano contracts expired. On the ground that they no longer could tolerate union hiring halls and pesticide clauses, the growers refused to renegotiate after only a few hours of discussion with the UFW, which called a strike. The arrests of more than 2,500 pickets and regular eruptions of violence shaped the strike's early weeks. One picket was killed by sniper fire. Another died of head injuries allegedly sustained during a beating by a Kern County sheriff's deputy. Predictably, the Teamsters officials in Delano began boasting about sheaves of signatures.

In late spring, not long after the Teamsters' grape drive got under way, I visited some of the embattled farm centers of California. My first prolonged stop was Coachella, where about a quarter of the table grape crop normally is produced. Coachella is an unpleasant place. In fact, its right to existence, at least as an agricultural center, is questionable.

The town and fields are situated in the middle of a desert framed by the barren San Bernardino Mountains. There seem to be two weather conditions in Coachella: sandstorms and a sun like a laser. Farming has been the way of life there since about 1910. After World War II the wells began to go dry, so the federal government dug the Colorado River Canal. Plenty of sunlight and plenty

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El Malcriado (UFW newspaper)

Fox and the Grapes (Continued)

of water, it was reasoned, would mean high productivity. The people who would have to perform in this stove weren't considered.

Because of the climate, the work begins as soon as the fruit is visible. During the strike, the most frantic activity occurred in predawn grayness as carloads of migrants looking for work arrived at the ranch gates. Pickets yelled *"huelga,"* waved flags, and offered leaflets.

Growers were also at the entrance, gesturing and cajoling, as if their lives depended on it. One who was particularly demonstrative was Ray Stanford, a short, lean man in his early 60s, who ran Coachella Imperial Distributors, ten contiguous grape ranches totaling about 1,200 acres. CID takes charge of the growing, field work, shipping and selling, while nominal owners who live on the land receive commissions. The Federal Reclamation Act of 1902 provides for a two-thirds discount on the delivery of irrigation water to farms of 160 acres or less which are owner-occupied. It's not unusual for big operations such as CID to imbibe cut-rate water through loopholes in the law.

I asked if the work got done when the fields were under UFW contract. "Oh, the work went along O.K., but we didn't get *our* people. In hiring halls, jobs are distributed on the basis of union seniority. Growers don't always get the same workers. The effect is to break down paternalism." Stanford added, "Now we *are* getting our people."

Would he hold elections on the ranch to determine which union, if either, the workers preferred? "No need to," he said. "The workers all signed authorization cards." Could I go into the rows to talk to the workers? Stanford said No. A priest who was covering the story for a religious magazine asked what he was afraid of. Stanford snapped back, "You priests are always following those red flags."

Facing the pickets from across the road were tall, heavily muscled men, most of whom had long hair and beards or mustaches. There was a rumor among the strikers that they were motorcycle gang members who had been hired by the growers and Teamsters to guard the fields. Actually, they were Teamsters, members of a Los Angeles dock loaders or "lumpers" local. When I asked why they had come, several pulled out checks. They were receiving $50 a day, plus $17.50 for expenses.

Not surprisingly, the dock loaders were constant targets of the strikers' taunts. This, coupled with their union's false propaganda that Chavez was the one who didn't want elections, made Coachella a fairly "conservatising" experience for them. It was cagey of the Teamsters to recruit a bunch of alienated wildcatters for the strike.

Before leaving the Valley, I talked to Lionel Steinberg, president of the Freedman Ranch, the largest in Coachella. Steinberg and K. K. Larson were the only growers who renegotiated with the UFW. People who needed work but didn't want to scab, queued till midnight at the union hiring hall for jobs at their ranches.

The walls of Steinberg's office were crowded with autographed pictures of Democrats: all the Kennedys, Humphrey, LBJ, even Pierre Salinger. Steinberg was Adlai Stevenson's agricultural adviser and McGovern's aide in the old Food for Peace program. But until 1969, he was still fighting unionization of farm workers. He had to, he said, because he presided over the local growers' council.

Steinberg gave me the impression that he might not have signed with the UFW if his original contract hadn't had a duration clause that required sixty days' notice if he didn't intend to renegotiate. Obviously, giving notice would have isolated him as an early bad guy. He showed me an attorney's letter which said that the company wouldn't have a leg to stand on in court if it refused to bargain after failing to give the necessary notice.

Delano is about 250 miles north of Coachella. In 1962, Chavez broke with Saul Alinsky's Community Service Organization because it refused to make farm labor organizing a priority. He went to Delano because his brother's family lived there, which meant that he could organize and be sure of a roof and meals.

The union is located in Delano at Forty Acres, an adobe complex that includes a field office, cooperative gas station and medical clinic. Forty Acres was begun as the union's main headquarters, but Chavez and the rest of the leadership found themselves holding court for the local people rather than conducting a national union. In 1971, the union was given an ancient tuberculosis hospital in the Tehachapi Mountains, 40 miles away. It had a new headquarters, "La Paz." Today, there's some carping in Delano about how distant the union can seem.

Day and night, workers convened at Forty Acres to discuss grievances, contracts and support for strikers. Most of these meetings were polyglot affairs, and speeches had to be interpreted from Tagalog, Portuguese and Arabic. Much as traders in the early West experimented with all

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manner of beasts in the hope of finding superior pack animals, California growers have tried diverse ethnic and racial groups with an eye to coming up with low-cost, trouble-free farm labor. The Arabs are the most recent arrivals. Currently, there are about 5,000 in California fields. Almost all were imported during the first two years of the grape strike.

Eight miles northwest of Forty Acres, Tenneco Corporation's sprawling 5,000-acre grape ranch already was on strike in May. The place was filled with cowboys in the rental service of the Golden State Patrol.

My presence at the picket line initially caused some confusion. The ranch was without a contract (having refused to renegotiate with the UFW), and some of the strikers feared that I was a Teamsters organizer. The picket captain said that none had been seen at Tenneco.

Tenneco's supervisor was a mustachioed 6½-footer who wore a Panama hat. Known universally as Big John, he told me that the ranch's profits had increased since the advent of the union but "the quality has gone down." Did he mean that the fruit wasn't as good? "No," he said in his heavy Slavic accent, "but no thanks to the people. The fruit, that is me."

John began to inveigh against the hiring hall which didn't send him the people he was used to, and the union, "which builds a hatred against the growers." He laid to waste any remaining notions of mine that large corporate farming had done away with feudalism.

I asked if there had been any Teamsters organizers on the property. Big John, who knew what happened on every inch of 5,000 acres, said No. The next day, the ranch signed with the Teamsters. It's inconceivable that the workers were consulted.

In Salinas later in the week, I met with Sid Luscotoff, a Teamsters organizer. Luscotoff was a slim man in his mid-20s with a neatly trimmed red beard. Like most of the men in the office he wore a blue windbreaker with racing stripes down the side and the Teamsters emblem on the breast. The Team. He introduced himself as a former seminarian who had "carried Cesar's red flag. I thought it was a good thing."

My first question dealt with persistent complaints that the Teamsters don't process field grievances. He denied the charge but refused to show me grievance stubs (most unions keep them) or even an empty form.

What about membership meetings? The Teamsters had represented thousands of farm workers in Salinas for three years without holding meetings. Though I didn't mention it, the April 28th *Los Angeles Times* had carried the story of a doctoral dissertation in which Einar Mohn, the head of the Western Conference of Teamsters, was quoted as saying that farm workers wouldn't be able to take part in membership meetings for at least two more years, when he expected more whites and fewer Chicanos to be in the fields. Luscotoff didn't see any particular reason to have meetings. "People come in here all the time. What's a meeting? Do you have to contrive an atmosphere?"

What did he think of the Teamsters history of getting sweetheart contracts? "No comment."

We touched on mechanization in agriculture. "It's gonna come," he said. "If you have more machines, you're gonna be able to produce more." What about workers—Teamsters—who will lose their jobs? "Avenues are open to them to join other locals. The Brotherhood of Teamsters will take care of them. After all, it is a brotherhood."

There's evidence that Einar Mohn, his superior in the brotherhood, doesn't agree. In a section of the aforementioned dissertation carried in the *Los Angeles Times,* Mohn was quoted as saying, "I don't know what will happen to the Mexican-Americans. After all you can't expect whites (who often operate the machines now) to step aside and let Mexican-Americans and Negroes have the (machine) jobs they have had for years."

For about five minutes I tried to get Luscotoff to be critical of the growers. Finally, he grew flustered, "Look, human beings are human beings. I don't want to categorize them." It's difficult to imagine a more remarkable statement coming from a man whose job is to organize workers whose life expectancy is 49 (according to the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor).

Before leaving I asked how he got the job and how much he was making. Again, he refused to comment.

Perhaps the primary asset of the Farm Workers Union is that most of the people in positions of responsibility have spent chunks of their lives in the fields. They have a rather intimate appreciation of stooping, of breathing bug-killer, of bribing contractors, and of countless other farm problems. On the other hand, the Teamsters have yet to demonstrate that they can distinguish soybeans from astroturf.

Chavez was in the Bay Area not long ago, and I interviewed him briefly after a speech at the Stanford Chapel. The Easter decorations were still up, and he had spoken in front of giant banners proclaiming "He is risen." I won't be surprised if the scene recurs as the frontispiece on a future Anti-Farm Worker pamphlet. The speech had gone well. He had talked at length on the strikes and predicted that the Delano growers would sign with the Teamsters. A questioner wanted to know if he had ever stood for election as president of the union. Yes, he said, and the UFW would have its next convention in the fall.

When we sat down it was clear that Chavez was extremely tired. He had spoken three times that day as well as the day before. He's 46 now and the jet black hair of the Delano days is flecked with gray. The face that sometimes looked boyish beside Robert Kennedy's has become sturdily creased.

For Chavez, for the union, the Teamsters-grower problems were another round in a constant fight. "We feel like an old boxer who has been in the ring many times. We saw this coming but we still went into shock for three days in La Paz when the Teamsters got the contracts."

The behavior of the growers continued to puzzle him. "In 1969, the Coachella growers had a bad year. During the three years with us they made money. One grower made a million dollars last year. You know, after the boycott, we even promoted grapes."

In some cases, he thought Teamsters coercion was probably a factor. A small grower, a widow with 60 acres, told him that the Teamsters threatened not to transport her grapes if she refused to sign. "She asked us what she

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should do. We told her to go with the industry. Now we're having a Congressional subcommittee investigate."

What about a frequent grower charge that the UFW leaders were inadequate as union administrators? "They talk from so much experience with unions," he shot back angrily. "The truth is that we're too good because we enforce our contracts."

What about automation; where does the union draw the line? "If the grower needs it to stay in business, that's one thing. But if he's using it to increase profits, we'll fight it. We've had some success, but it's a tough one."

I asked him to describe union decision making. He picked an example, the formulation of demands for the grape contracts. Beginning in December, the union's executive board and ranch committees (the elected representatives of workers) entered into steady dialogue on the wording and substance of provisions. The ranch committees regularly would ask the membership for suggestions and approval. Finally, ranch by ranch the executive board took the contract to the membership for a vote. Chavez described late nights and a lot of haggling. "But we had a lot of fun with it. And we finally got it together."

I wondered if the union had any ultimate goals. "We don't want to get philosphical. We just want to win the damn strike and win the damn boycott."

It's too early to know all the factors behind the Teamsters-grower alliance. David Bradley, the Las Vegas PR man whom the Teamsters have retained, told the press: "The Teamsters want to protect an industry which keeps trucks moving and canneries open." Certainly it goes further than that. Probably the policy stems in part from the politics that led their bosses to go whole hog on Nixon and the war. Also, it's consistent with the union's role as the gluttonous conglomerate of the labor movement. You don't have to provide much representation in order to collect a worker's dues and "invest" them.

As for the growers, they foresee another era of lording over the fields without the hassles of hiring halls and pesticide clauses.

The big losers, of course, could be the people who harvest the food. But thousands of families who were regarded as appendages to land have sampled a little democracy on the job and know the heady feeling of belonging to something larger than themselves. And they've come out on top in other big fights. It'll be a cold day in Coachella before they give up.

> The strike is not going to be lost even though we may not win it. If the growers don't sign this year, they'll sign next, and if not next year, the following. We have nothing else to do, no place else to go, and we have our patience.
>
> —*Cesar Chavez after talks with the Delano growers broke off; July 29, 1973.* □

FITZSIMMONS vs. HOFFA

The 'Nixon Labor Leaders'

B. J. WIDICK

Has the brazen abuse of power by Frank Fitzsimmons and his scandal-tainted regime in President Nixon's favorite union, the Teamsters, finally overreached itself? Is the brutal campaign to wipe out Cesar Chavez and his United Farm Workers Union a case of overkill, which neither the AFL-CIO nor Chavez's ally the UAW can tolerate? Does the split between the millionaire ex-president James Hoffa and the man he implies double-crossed him, his one-time close friend, Frank Fitzsimmons, portend a vicious factional struggle that is reminiscent of the Yablonski-Tony Boyle clash in the coal miners' union?

The sordid story of the degeneration of the coal miners' union into a corrupt kingdom of John L. Lewis and then his hand-picked successor, Tony Boyle, has been amply documented in a very worth-while book by Joseph Finley, the Cleveland labor lawyer (*The Corrupt Kingdom: The Rise and Fall of the United Mine Workers,* published by Simon & Schuster). It was not until Jock Yablonski and his wife and daughter were murdered in cold blood did the tide turn toward the Miners for Democracy, the unsung heroes of decent unionism who risked their lives to restore the union into an organization genuinely representing the rank-and-file membership.

Before the Yablonski murders, government officials dragged their feet for nearly a decade in handling charges against the regime of Tony Boyle. Most of the union movement either ignored or was hostile to the Miners for Democracy cause. There seems to be a different atmosphere now. Public reaction to support Chavez is visible. The AFL-CIO has voted to raise $1.6 million to aid Chavez. The UAW supports him. And federal grand juries are already investigating the charge by U. S. Attorney James L. Browning of San Francisco that a group of growers paid Teamsters officials for an alleged campaign to destroy the United Farm Workers. [See "Teamsters and Growers: A Romance Rekindled" by Ronald B. Taylor, *The Nation,* March 19.]

At this writing Fitzsimmons is negotiating with George Meany of the AFL-CIO to see if a compromise can be worked out. The richest and most powerful union in America, with 1.885 million members, is finding it more difficult to steamroller the Chavez stalwarts than Fitzsimmons and his new ally, the American Farm Bureau

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Federation, had thought possible. The sneers which Fitzsimmons condescendingly gave at the mention of George Meany a few months ago at a press conference have turned into a serious negotiating effort with Meany to get the issue on a back burner, becoming too hot to handle in the public view. For unionists and the American public viewing the police brutality against the Chavez strikers on TV or reading about the strike, the tide may be turning against the Teamsters. Many union leaders have privately admonished or warned the Teamsters leadership against pursuing their plan to smash Chavez.

The arrogance of the Teamsters leaders, however, isn't easily broken. The rationale for wiping out the farm workers was most bluntly stated by James Hoffa—and the point becomes obvious. He hadn't learned anything new during his four and a half years in prison, Hoffa recently told reporters, and he went on to say: "We cannot, and will not allow anybody to control our end of the business, which means we cannot have the fields on strike and the packing sheds on strike and affecting the wholesale grocer and the delivery and the retail end . . . that we already have. That's why you have got to put together the field, packing shed, field transportation to the distribution end, to the retail end. And that's what Fitz was doing."

It would be inconceivable for the Teamsters hierarchy to think in terms of aiding a small embattled union, of helping it win good contracts so that a strike wouldn't be necessary. Or letting the Chicanos decide for themselves instead of terrorizing them into submission with Teamsters sweetheart agreements with employers (as the Supreme Court of California ruled). The last guy who tried a decent approach in the Teamsters union, Harold Gibbons of St. Louis, recently was eased out of all his key positions on a charge of dual unionism. He organized a small union of unskilled workers in St. Louis and faced charges for that reason. His greater crime, of course, was being a McGovern supporter in 1972, and when the ex-counsel of the White House Charles W. Colson became an attorney for the Teamsters union, the word went out. Gibbons had to go. So scratch his name off the Nixon enemy list. He is now an impotent vice president, drawing an $18,000-a-year salary, but removed from three major positions of power. (Whether Gibbons can wait out the struggle between Hoffa and Fitzsimmons for power remains to be seen.)

The focus on the Teamsters may not be as spectacular as the Watergate hearings, but the inevitable intertwining of a scandal-ridden Nixon regime and a scandal-ridden Teamsters regime are bound to get much more public attention along with the raid against the Chavez union. Recently Walter Sheridan wrote a prophetic book, *The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa.* As Budd Schulberg states in the introduction, "In this painstaking book, Sheridan faces up to the reality that, after all the convictions and sensational disclosures, corruption flows on. George Jackson rotted in jail for nearly a decade for heisting $70. Jimmy Hoffa cops a million, bribes juries, runs with the most dangerous gangsters in America, and thanks to the intervention of his good friend Dick Nixon, does an easy five. This after the parole board had rejected Hoffa's appeal three times in a row."

In the Sheridan book there is a fascinating account of some of the behind-the-scenes maneuvers to win a parole for Hoffa. Recently the public was given a different version—Hoffa's version—of why he obtained such a unique parole. Signed by President Nixon, the parole placed a condition on Hoffa. He could not be active in the union movement. It was assumed by most observers, and hopefully by Fitzsimmons and his colleagues on the international executive board that, with such a provision and a cash settlement of $1.7 million in pension, Hoffa would be satisfied, and be through. "Hoffa's better off outside (prison) than he would be inside," Fitzsimmons noted, "and I think he should realize that." Last February when Hoffa suggested that he would like to return to the leadership of his Local 299, Richard Kleindienst, then Attorney General warned, "The government will move quickly to enforce all aspects of the conditional commutation in the event Mr. Hoffa doesn't abide by the conditions imposed on him." Now Hoffa implies that White House officials were given a huge contribution by Teamsters officials for the President's re-election committee on condition that Hoffa be released with the restriction placed on his return to union activity. No doubt the Ervin committee will explore the matter when it resumes its public hearings.

What is ironical in this situation is that two "Nixon labor leaders" are vying for the President's favor. Again and again Hoffa has stated he has been a longtime supporter of the President. Fitzsimmons stands firmly with Nixon on Watergate, on economic policy, even though many unions have broken completely with the Administration, including George Meany, who has indicated his total, if overdue, disillusionment with Nixon by refusing to invite him to the coming AFL-CIO convention—a startling break with tradition. Undoubtedly, the knowledge that Charles W. Colson had arranged for the bad press Meany got after his confrontation with the President in the 1971 AFL-CIO convention sparked Meany's anger, already rising to a boiling point over Nixon's disastrous economic policies. And then there was Watergate—the face of fascism, Meany said about Haldeman and Ehrlichman—knowing he too was taped at the White House.

Deciding which "Nixon labor leader" to support may not be easy for the White House, given its sea of troubles, including the investigation of Spiro Agnew. Can the White House keep its close association with Fitzsimmons in a struggle with Hoffa, what with scandals breaking out in the Fitzsimmons regime? For example, *The Wall Street Journal* (June 8) has exposed the shady backgrounds of certain individuals used as consultants of a newly created public relations firm hired by Fitzsimmons to polish up the image of the union.

And in Chicago, the powerful Chicago Teamsters Local 705 has been charged by an administrative law judge of the National Labor Relations Board with "sheer racketeering" in collecting fees, dues, etc., to the tune of $90 million over a fifteen-year period. Repayment has been ordered.

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For Fitzsimmons personally the most damaging reports have been the stories in the *Los Angeles Times* by Jack Nelson and Bill Hazlitt about Fitzsimmons' meetings with Mafia figures. "In San Diego County, Teamsters boss Frank Fitzsimmons huddles with a man identified by the FBI as a major Mafia figure, then several hours later boards Air Force One with President Nixon for a flight to Washington." "In Chicago, the Illinois Legislative Investigation Committee files an intelligence report quoting a federal investigator as saying the Nixon Administration decided not to prosecute Fitzsimmons' son, Richard (a Detroit Teamsters official) in a fraud case due to the 'love affair' between Fitzsimmons and the White House." The reporters question whether the Nixon Administration is willing to uncover what is a major scandal—Mafia schemes to loot the union's Central States and Southwest Areas pension funds which amount to $1.4 billion.

> Millions of pension fund dollars have been loaned to build Las Vegas casinos and developments like the Teamster-financed La Costa country club near Carlsbad in San Diego County, described by a Justice Department attorney as "the West Coast R and R (rest and recuperation) center for all sorts of hoods from throughout the country."
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> At least part of the investigation into the proposed union health plan—described as "a possible $1 billion-a-year business"—has centered on meetings at La Costa and in Palm Springs attended by the Teamsters president and known Mafia figures.
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> In Palm Springs, according to information developed by the government's Los Angeles-based Organized Crime Strike Force, Fitzsimmons met February 8 to discuss the plan with Sam (Orlando) Sciortino, 54, of Fountain Valley, Calif., Peter J. Milano, 47, of Sherman Oaks, Calif., and Joe Lamandri of San Diego, identified by the FBI as members of the Mafia.
>
> Fitzsimmons, in Palm Springs to play in the Bob Hope Desert Classic golf tournament, was introduced to the three men by an associate of Allen M. Dorfman, 49-year-old pension fund adviser currently in prison in connection with a $55,000 kickback from an earlier $1.5 million pension fund loan.
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> The Teamsters president, according to a Strike Force informant, tentatively approved the health-care plan and made arrangements for further discussions, including a meeting with Dorfman, a Chicago insurance executive who went to prison March 28.
>
> During the next two days, Fitzsimmons met with Lou (the Tailor) Rosanova, 51, executive director of the Teamster-owned Savannah Inn and Country Club, "the mob's Southern watering hole," named by a U. S. Senate crime committee in 1963 as a top mob chieftain.

While Fitzsimmons doesn't comment on those associations, Hoffa does give a public account of his relations with shady figures. "The employer is always willing to hire muscle. He will hire muscle anywhere in the United States when it's convenient for him to hire muscle. . . . There is muscle for sale all the time. Now I want to know, No. 1, who is that muscle; No. 2, who heads it up; and No. 3, how do I neutralize it?

"Muscle, they'll hire it tomorrow . . . let yourself get an unemployment factor in this country to where they can hire scabs, and they'll hire muscle to protect the scabs. Now we've got to know who are those muscle people . . . and that's what I've got to do. I know all the people they say I know and I want to keep knowing them, but they don't control the Teamsters union and I only know them for one reason. They run their business and we run ours." (*The Washington Post*, June 10.) This portrait of the largest and most powerful union in America living in that kind of fear of employers is, to put it mildly, difficult to accept in the year 1973.

And in any event, how long is the Teamsters union going to accept as its only choice the Fitzsimmons or Hoffa kind of leadership—a case of Tweedledum or Tweedledee? Or why should the Teamsters return Hoffa to power when Fitzsimmons has "delivered the goods," in a manner which the Hoffa legend said only Hoffa could do? For the 400,000 over-the-road drivers, the recently negotiated contracts call for a 6.5 per cent increase this year, 6.4 per cent in 1974 and 6.1 per cent in 1975, plus a weekly contribution of $16 in employer contributions for the pension, health and welfare funds. This is in addition to the previous $26 weekly. So Hoffa may have a more difficult time eliminating Fitzsimmons than he assumes.

The ratification vote on the new agreement of 120,741 to 51,876 makes it difficult for Hoffa to fault Fitzsimmons. Peter Brennan, Secretary of Labor and friend Fitzsimmons, called the agreement "a fine job for members and the country." William Usery, director the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, stated the Teamsters *Journal* that the agreement "was a profe sional job, not only for your membership but for t country as well." More than 360 local union represer atives from throughout the nation, including the on recalcitrant Chicago local, endorsed it. Who needs Hoff

When George Meany described the conduct of th Teamsters union in the California farm fields as a dis grace, it was an accurate appraisal, and it cost the Team sters' leaders more prestige in the union movement than they can understand. For the trade unions it was a blow, in the sense that it tarnished the image of labor in a country which is becoming appalled by the Watergate mentality. The Teamsters' brief flirtation with respectable unionism—the abortive Alliance for Labor Action which the late Walter Reuther conceived—was lost in the arrogance of power and the political deal with the Nixon Administration. The Republican wing of the labor movement, including the Teamsters union leaders who eliminated Harold Gibbons because he was a McGovern man, is losing ground as its man in the White House loses public support. Peter Brennan also has not been invited to the next AFL-CIO convention. And his ardent supporters in the New York labor movement now pretend they never really did support him.

Until there was a split in the United Mine Workers' bureaucracy, and the facts became known about the operations of the Boyle regime, ideas of reforming that institution were little more than pipe dreams. If the feud between Hoffa and Fitzsimmons grows, and the stakes are big when one considers the billion-dollar pension funds and the power of the Teamsters union, who knows what Pandora's box may be opened and what it may contain? In a union in which about 40 per cent of the delegates at the 1971 convention were there for the first

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Commonplace Things, and the Essence of Art

REMBRANDT'S HAT. *By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 204 pp. $6.95.*

DANIEL STERN

William Dean Howells once wrote: "The commonplace is just that light, impalpable, aerial essence which the novelists have never got into their confounded books yet. The novelist who could interpret the common feelings of commonplace people would have the answer to 'the riddle of the painful earth' on his tongue."

Who do we have that answers this passionate cry? Malamud, of course. Or do we? The response seems deceptively simple. In *The Assistant*, the deeply detailed lives of plain people are probed until it hurts. The simplest of motives are celebrated until they suggest a kind of exaltation. Helen Bober's desire to better herself. Morris Bober's insistence on rising early on cold winter days so that an old Polish woman should not go without her breakfast roll for 2¢. Or Frankie Alpine's desire for redemption —a desire that starts in confusion and ends with a clarity that changes his life. Even the rhythms of the prose speak of quotidian simplicity. As Morris Bober is being felled by the holdup man's blow: " . . . But Morris saw the blow descend and felt sick of himself, of soured expectations, endless frustrations, the years gone up in smoke, he could not begin to count how many. He had hoped for much in America and got little. And because of him Helen and Ida had less. He had defrauded them, he and the bloodsucking store.

"He fell without a cry. The end fitted the day. It was his luck, others had better."

To fit Howell's prescription for a kind of Tolstoyan reality in fiction, one would have to ask whether it is possible to take this passage and let it speak for a multitude of men not present —as well as for the grocer so superbly and densely present. The answer is, of course, yes!

The same is true for Yakov Bok's insistence that you may push a man just so far—and no further—in *The Fixer*. Or in a short story like "The German Refugee." This is Malamud speaking from within the plain person who has no voice of his own. But let us not understand Malamud too quickly. Balzac, too, had the feeling for the commonplace; bourgeois concerns such as money and marriage, in the *Comédie humaine*, have the intensity of mystical passions. Yet, for every Eugénie Grandet, there is the strange Girl with the Golden Eyes; for every César Birotteau there is the mysterious Quest for the Absolute.

So, with Malamud, before we make the simple assumption that has been made before—that he embodies the voice of a sorrowing Jewish realistic humanism, let us consider: First comes *The Natural*, a mythic baseball story, comic and sad; but larger than life, an ironic epic. Then *The Assistant*. Then *The Magic Barrel*, in whose stories the first taste of Malamudian fantasy—which has been likened to Chagall by a number of critics—makes its appearance. It is a strain that is vital to understanding Malamud's work. It is, in my opinion, the weapon in his artistic arsenal that has made it possible for him to treat emotional situations, desperations of the heart and spirit, that would otherwise have been unbearably sentimental. If the Jewbird had been a Jewish man or woman—as he easily could have been—the story would not have the comic bite it has.

On occasion Malamud has made what I call his "strange" voice the major tone of a whole work, as in *Fidelman*. He has sometimes reverted to a level of humanism, or, as in *A New Life*, to a kind of comic pastoral. And, in much of his best work, he has joined the two in a wild vision in which the broken hopes and stumbling leaps of love alternate in a soaring ballet of dancers with fallen arches—and on occasion with the legs of Nijinsky. Something of a correction is in order, then, to the easy, obvious characterization of Malamud's gift, his method and meaning.

Malamud is no leader of a Jewish school of schlemiels and schlimozels —of old Jews and young pratfalling college instructors—though these have a place in his cast of characters. I would say, rather, that Malamud is to be read as being first and foremost a "modern" writer. Modern in the sense that he comes after Pound's dictum: *"Make it strange . . . make it new. . . ."* Brooklyn, Oregon and Vermont may give rise to the strange and new as well as Montparnasse. But instead of the poetic imagination in the service of the pure universe of art, it is newness and strangeness in the service of how men should live so as not to cause pain, so as to be the best they can be. And in the no-man's-land between that hope and the small achievements it gives rise to, Malamud weaves his fables.

There are eight of them in his new book. And if the assertions I have made had not been true before, these tales would be enough to support the case. The title story is a slight, delicate incident—on which the author hangs the weight of the bitter disappointments the life of art holds for those who pursue it; and how a simple misunderstanding can poison intercourse between people who live by and for art. "The Silver Crown" is the tale of a faith healer, an old Rabbi of suspect *bona fides*, with a retarded daughter, and who claims to be able to cure illness by means of a magical (and expensive) silver crown. A skeptical young man is drawn into this unlikely orbit to save his dying father. By the end of the story, the question of which is genuine or fake—the Rabbi's cure or the son's love for his father—has turned the story into an ambiguity woven of the tenuousness of human motivations. "The Letter" is a brutal story about madness and sanity—and also about fathers and children, as is "The Silver Crown"—in which reversal again plays a part, ending with a tart surprise.

"In Retirement" is a story in the realistic mode. An aging widower, a retired doctor, picks up a letter by mistake, and is granted a glimpse into the sensual life of a young woman he does not know. He has a painful resurgence of personal hope, in a sexual guise, but the outcome is humiliation. "Notes from a Lady at a Dinner Party" is a slighter story than the others—though its anecdote of an architect's visit to his old professor and his flirtation with the professor's wife has charm and grace.

"My Son the Murderer" is a strange, darkly intense recitation, a brooding in shifting tenses and points of view. It succeeds more as a poem than as a tale.

Finally, we come to the two long stories in the book: each of them is—to put it quite simply—a masterpiece of

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the form. "Man in the Drawer," which won the O. Henry Prize in 1967, is the story of Howard Harvitz, an American journalist, recently widowed, who takes a trip to the Soviet Union and is drawn into the problematical life of an underground writer of short stories, a Jewish taxi driver named Levitansky. Levitansky seizes upon the timid American (Howard rhymes with coward). He must smuggle his stories out into America, into the world. No longer can Levitansky bear to write for the drawer. The story is the record of Harvitz's desperate attempts to evade the unwanted responsibility—and danger—thrust upon him. The ending of the novella is a technical *tour de force*. Perhaps sensing that if the reader (and Harvitz, who in this sense becomes one) is to take Levitansky's plight seriously, it must be clear that he *is* a gifted writer, that it matters that his work be saved from "the drawer." Thus, Malamud gives outlines of the smuggled stories, and they are unusual and moving, even in *précis*. It is an act of creative energy and generosity—because any one of the stories could make an excellent story by itself. But the technical effect works: Levitansky is a real writer, and Harvitz—who is presented as an ordinary journalist—has performed a valuable act. An interesting subtheme is the substance of Levitansky's stories. In them people who are not Jewish in any religious or traditional sense involve themselves with Jewishness as an act of identification with Jews who are being punished for their identity. Jewishness as a road to authenticity.

The other long story, "Talking Horse," could only have been written by Malamud. Its tone is wry and funny; its reach is ambitious and metaphysical. The story, about a balky circus horse named Abramowitz, is told in questions and answers. The basic Talking Horse act consists, supposedly, of questions and answers between Abramowitz and his master, Goldberg. But first, the horse (man?) addresses the reader:

> Am I a man in a horse or a horse that talks like a man? Suppose they took an X-ray, what would they see? —a man's luminous skeleton prostrate inside a horse, or just a horse with a complicated voice box? If the first then Jonah had it better in the whale—more room all around; also he knew who he was and how he got there. About myself I have to make guesses.

There ensues one of the funniest and saddest identity crises. What is called in philosophy the mind-body problem is wittily pursued via horse-ness and man-ness, both of which Abramowitz possesses. He is spirit-locked in matter, desperately yearning to be free. His master, Goldberg, is a deaf-mute who communicates to the horse only by tapping on his head in Morse code. The irony is of course, that Goldberg, the man, can only utter aloud sounds like geee, gooo, gaaa, gaaw; while the horse/man is articulate. If it is speech that separates man from the animals, then who, in this case, is man and who is animal? The Beckett-like image is powerful: a clown-animal-man stuck in his animal-body, in his animal-nature, while forced to perform in the humiliating circus act of daily life by a mute, vengeful and ambiguous God. The story needs no symbolic interpretations because like any good allegory it works on both levels. But if one is looking for God/man parallels, they abound. Goldberg's favorite leisure activity is watching astronomy programs on educational TV. God, in this way, keeps an eye on his creation. (Or is he the devil? He has a mildewed three-pronged spear hanging on the wall. . . .) In his passionate desire to find out who he is and in that way obtain his freedom, Abramowitz becomes a kind of Everyhorse, seeking to bridge the gap between our animal and spiritual nature.

But the reader should not be misled by these metaphysical speculations of mine—though the tale easily sustains them. The tone is colloquial, funny and lyrical throughout. When Abramowitz runs away looking for a "wooded spot in which he could peacefully graze" he is doomed to find no peace. The comment is: "Where can somebody who looks like a horse go by himself?" Where, indeed!

In an astounding denouement Abramowitz boldly achieves what is perhaps the most any of us can expect: a half-liberation from our animal selves, a half-freedom from the human condition. It is a story that reads better the second and third time than the first. And it demonstrates the double nature of Malamud's gift. The uses of irony, wit, dream-images and fantasy situations, all encased in a colloquial, funny, seemingly plain language; the whole creating a wild conflict between God and man that raises the largest questions with the greatest economy of means.

The concerns of the commonplace are certainly the subcutaneous stuff of art. But the transformation of daily experience into imaginative fictions is accomplished by Bernard Malamud by means of wild fantasy, transforming human loneliness, cruelty and madness into sanity. A sanity that touches such high frequencies that it becomes a kind of desperate humanism.

Malamud's hat covers a most special 20th-century head. In this book he wears it with a sad and comic grace. □

Body Politics

GETTING CLEAR: Body Work For Women. *By Anne Kent Rush. Random House/The Bookworks. 290 pp. $7.95. Paper $4.95.*

PETER DREYER

Where is the women's movement headed? We've yawned over Kate Millett's humorless pedantry, thrilled to Germaine Greer's best-selling panache, loved to hate Jill Johnston's self-consciously repellent Lesbian fascism (surely, this last, by now boring the pants back on even the most masochistic of *Village Voice* subscribers: if the wit don't get you the lower-case run-ons and idiot punctuation will).

Other, less literary trends seem more constructive. From Gloria Steinem *et cie.*, we have *Ms.*, slickly professional with its Aztec Airways graphics—one of the best new mass magazines to come into the drugstore in the last few years. Bella Abzug plays pro politics: I recall the vote-getting solidity of her handshake, the while her (male) aide adroitly pinned a campaign button on my lapel at an IRT subway entrance one rainy morning last year. Betty Friedan is, one hears, gutsily gate-crashing banking and/or stockbroking.

There are also the conspicuous sit-outs. Taking their cue, perhaps, from Aretha Franklin, black women's caucuses have declared it more important at this juncture to stand by and behind their men than to strike out on their own. The irrepressible Midge Decter, in *The New Chastity*, has bluntly alleged that:

> Women's Liberation is . . . nothing less than a demand on the part of those women most completely conditioned by it to repeal the sexual revolution altogether. It is a cry for the right of women to step back, retire from a disagreeable involvement in, and responsibility for, the terms of sexual equality with men.

Susan Sontag, making nary an appropriate feminist deduction, bemoans the fact that Paul Goodman would never talk to her at parties.

Meanwhile male reactions range all the way from Count Marco's syndicated effluvia through Norman Mailer's mannered *Schweinerei* to the grass-roots sentiment expressed in a wry graffito spray-gunned—apparently by more than

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Peter Dreyer writes a monthly book column for San Francisco *magazine. He is publishing an interim autobiography in the fall entitled* The Future of Treason *(Ballantine Books).*

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one hand—on a Berkeley wall: *LIBERATE—ya men!*

Perhaps the best current summation comes from Doris Lessing. Writing in *The New York Review of Books,* Alison Lurie says: "The serious, intense crowds who welcomed Ms. Lessing on her last trip to New York were disappointed and even angry to hear her say that *The Golden Notebook* was not about or in favor of war between the sexes. In fact, she also explained later in print, 'the essence of the book' was 'that we must not divide things off, must not compartmentalize.' Moreover, though she supported Women's Liberation, she didn't believe it would have much effect":

> not because there is anything wrong with its aims, but because it is already clear that the whole world is being shaken into a new pattern by the cataclysms we are living through: probably by the time we are through, if we do get through at all, the aims of Women's Liberation will look very small and quaint.

Write on, sister. If I may be so bold.

Midge Decter's thesis is that women's liberation now is essentially a revolution in search of its Thermidor, via Lesbianism to chastity. But there is another route, already sanctified by sundry retreating elements of the New Left. It is at once less thorny and more "American," and leads just as quickly to the ivory nunnery of which Ms. Decter speaks—where one need no longer be responsible for doing what one will. Its twin signposts are Therapy and Mysticism.

Getting Clear, the substantial volume under review, is co-published by Random House and The Bookworks (of Berkeley) as one of "an ongoing set of works devoted to a new health consciousness." (Others in the series are *Total Orgasm, The Well-Body Book, Breathe Away Your Tension, The Massage Book,* and *The Tooth Trip.*) *Body Work For Women* is the subtitle, and "When I use the word 'body' in this book," says the author, "I am referring to the *whole person,* including mental functions." Perhaps we should not carp at the usefulness of so extended a definition. "Whatever I feel and express intellectually is also expressed in my body," explains Ms. Rush, and let no man, after all, confidently gainsay her. Women are notoriously tougher; but surely the head has its reasons, of which the heart knows nothing? Or how could we bear to stay alive?

There follow a variety of "body awareness exercises," some of which derive from "the work of women psychologists and group leaders at the Gestalt Institute of San Francisco or Esalen Institute." Others are concerned with "centering" as practiced in Oriental systems of self-defense such as Aikido and Tai Chi Chuan. Then there are "verbal self-awareness techniques" based on Gestalt therapy. These latter are concerned with becoming aware of and changing "role concepts," and with them I think we come to one crux of the book:

> One role I catch myself slipping into often is the feminine role. To me this is a bullshit oppressive role for women because to most people being "feminine" means being: sweet, good, polite, clean, pretty, small, skinny, soft-spoken, sentimental, illogical, tidy, indirect, dependent and subservient to authority, especially to male authority. The feminine role is closely tied to the role of the good girl. I had to ask myself, "What does being a good girl get me?" Most people don't really like or respect "the good girl." She's simply convenient and unthreatening. Does it get me what I think it does? Does it get me what I want? Is being feminine who I naturally am? Is being feminine the same as being female?

Here we find the author both explaining herself and showing an authenticating flash of anger. A little "vulgar psychologizing" (as my old friend, Dr. Arthur Davids, would put it) is very revealing in this context. Is the "good girl" role defined by those "feminine" adjectives (sweet . . . pretty . . . sentimental) or does it also inevitably involve fidelity to a single male, and perhaps even Midge Decter's recidivist chastity? The formulation, "Most people don't really like or respect 'the good girl' " is significant. *Most men* that must surely mean. This is not the only occasion on which they are invoked, thus disguised, as arbiters.

The "femaleness" here defined as opposed to a distasteful, subservient "femininity" is, if that is the case, just another "role concept" (in women's liberation/radical therapy cant) defined by the majority of males, now themselves "liberated" from old-fashioned monogamy and set to swing. The "bad girl" (we may note in passing that "bad"= "good" in black argot, an inversion very likely due for wider adoption in the near future—and a step in the direction of the dialectical *double-entendre* Hegel so admired in the German language) is, needless to say, in for a lot more heartbreak than her "good" predecessor ever experienced. At least the "good girl" of yesteryear could count on a little Christian institutional security.

Thus having almost casually absorbed the mind, the body thrusts its way willy-nilly into the political arena. Naturally it senses only one broad solution to the ills of human society: therapy. The shrinking flesh has *become* the self, and what else is a body to sense? If female, an enemy perhaps, and a judge: man.

Only (as they say) in America! Imagine having tried to sell "femaleness-not-femininity" to the likes of George Sand, or Lenin's reckless henchwoman Aleksandra Kollontai, or the Countess Markievicz (the first woman to win a seat in the British House of Commons, which she was debarred from occupying, along with other adherents of Sinn Fein, for refusing to take the oath of loyalty to the King), or Olive Schreiner (who like George Sand wrote under a male pseudonym—and still managed to be a major figure in South African writing and one of the earliest opponents of racial tyranny in her country), or to Catherine the Great, Elizabeth I or any of the several Byzantine empresses who in their day ran the world. Or to Queen Victoria, who gave her name to an age, fighting all the way and ruling even such as the Duke of Wellington, Dizzy and Mr. Gladstone with her famous whim of iron. All of these women would seem to have been female, and feminine, tough and sentimental, illogical (as men are, only too frequently) and clear-headed, dependent sometimes and masterful at others.

Is there something implicit, then, in the standardization basic to American society, to the present century, and to the educational system which it has created and in turn been created by, that reduces whole people to mere "roles"—and furthermore makes them look to a critique of the role *rather than of the self* even when they come to rebel against the pattern? (George Sand, by contrast, appears to have got a kick out of her roles, even to have identified herself with them. She never *became* any one of them, however—they were all her, and the whole was greater than the parts. The same goes in more or less degree for the other women I have cited, and millions besides, who managed—despite the gratuitous obstacles put in their way as women—to be, as Henry James was fond of saying, magnificent. While the men about them not infrequently failed miserably. Think of George Sand's husband, the wretched Baron Dudevant. Or of the *opéra bouffe* of Olive Schreiner's life with Havelock Ellis, the father of modern sexology proving himself impotent, alas, in more ways than one.)

All this is not, of course, to say that the struggle for women's rights is over or has no validity. It is merely to stress, in Doris Lessing's words, that

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"we must not divide things off, must not compartmentalize." All societies are necessarily oppressive to individuals, some more than others. Certain men, certain women, learn to resist. Others collapse, and become stunted stereotypes, "roles" as dehumanized as they are limited. It undoubtedly has more to do with character than with sex.

"All of life is therapy," we are told in Anne Rush's book, and sometimes in California it begins to look like that. But, one longs to add, life is not *all* therapy. Preserve us from more panaceas! R. D. Laing and others have suggested that schizophrenia may be a species of sanity, and it is folk wisdom by now that psychiatrists—engaged in teaching people to "adapt" to sick circumstances—are usually madder than most. What price, then, the suggestion that if only you learn to breathe right, practice insulting pillows and cultivate looking up your own vagina without revulsion, etc., everything will be O.K.? □

After Life's Fitful Fever

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: Encounters with Death. *By Elaine Marks. Rutgers University Press. 183 pp. $9.*

LUCILLE F. BECKER

The theme of death is as old as literature. In the tradition of François Villon, Montaigne and Pascal, Simone de Beauvoir tells us that we all die alone, but her accents express the sensibility of the 20th century. While Villon emphasized the physical decomposition of death, he accepted it as an integral part of the order of things. Until Nietzsche's revelation of the death of God, death was considered to be the logical culmination of life in an ordered universe, and God was blessed as one who gave and took life according to His logical pattern. In the 20th century, death is no longer regarded as the realization of one's destiny. It is rather the prime example of the absurdity of a world in which men die and are not happy (Camus); the supreme humiliation in the series of humiliations that constitute a human life (Malraux); or, for Simone de Beauvoir, an unacceptable "scandal." "There is no such thing as a natural death: nothing that happens to a man is ever natural, since his presence calls the world into question," she wrote at the end of *A Very Easy Death*, the account of her mother's hideous death from intestinal cancer. "All men must die," she concluded, "but for every man his death is an accident and, even if he knows it and consents to it, an unjustifiable violation." For the existentialist, existence precedes essence and man must create his own essence, until death transforms it all into nothingness. That is the meaning of Simone de Beauvoir's cry, "I was gypped," at the end of the third volume of her memoirs:

> Yet I loathe the thought of annihilating myself quite as much now as I ever did. I think with sadness of all the books I've read, all the places I've seen, all the knowledge I've amassed and that will be no more. . . . That unique sum of things, the experience that I lived, with all its order and its randomness . . . there is no place where it will all live again. But no. Nothing will have taken place. I can still see the hedge of hazel trees flurried by the wind and the promises with which I fed my beating heart while I stood gazing at the gold mine at my feet: a whole life to live. The promises have all been kept. And yet, turning an incredulous gaze toward that young and credulous girl, I realize with stupor how much I was gypped.

So overwhelming are her feelings regarding the "scandal" of death that the theme is really the leitmotif of all her work. Partially balancing her obsession with death is her attempt to find an answer to the question of whether life is worth living and for what reasons to live in a universe empty of all transcendent values. In her *Ethics of Ambiguity*, she discusses this problem, asserting that ambiguity is the natural result of man's place in the world, forcing him to act as if he were immortal, while remaining fully cognizant of the fact that nothing but death lies in store for him. Despite her commitment to life, Simone de Beauvoir's fundamental preoccupation is with death, and it is only with her "encounters with death" that Elaine Marks deals.

Each chapter of the book explores Simone de Beauvoir's reactions to different manifestations of death. At the beginning of the first chapter, "The Old Jacket: Intimations of Nothingness," Professor Marks quotes three versions of an event mentioned many times by Simone de Beauvoir to describe her t impressions of solitude and anguish 1 *She Came to Stay*, the heroine recall 1 incident that occurred when she w 6 years old. She had left her family i ie garden and had gone back into he empty house. There she saw her ld jacket hanging on the back of a c :

> It was old and worn but it co not complain as Françoise compla when she was hurt; it could not s o itself, "I'm an old worn jacket." It was strange; Françoise tried to imagine what it might be like if she were unable to say: "I'm Françoise, I'm six years old, and I'm in Grandma's house." Supposing she could say absolutely nothing: she closed her eyes. It was as if she did not exist at all; and yet other people would be coming here and would see her and talk about her. She opened her eyes again; she could see the jacket; it existed; yet it was not aware of itself. There was something disturbing, a little frightening, in all of this. What was the use of its existence?

Simone de Beauvoir recounts this incident again in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, the first volume of her autobiography. When she tried to put herself in the place of the jacket, she found that it was impossible to do so and became panic-stricken. "In the darkness of the past, in the stillness of inanimate beings, I had dire forebodings of my own extinction; I conjured up delusive fallacies, and turned them into omens of the truth, and of my own death."

Following the quotations, Miss Marks, employing the format she uses throughout the book, discusses these passages using the method of *explication de texte*. This approach to literary criticism involves a close examination, analysis and exposition of a text, establishing the interrelationships between form and content and their relationship to the whole with regard to meaning and symbolism. Miss Marks demonstrates that this first encounter with death and nothingness establishes the pattern that will be followed throughout Simone de Beauvoir's works, as each of her protagonists discovers her own mortality and experiences the same desperate fear of nothingness.

The second chapter on the "Death of God" opens with three versions of an equally well-known passage in which Simone de Beauvoir describes her horror on first discovering the silence of death in one of Andersen's fairy tales. It is the story of the little mermaid who died alone on a deserted beach, after having renounced her immortal soul for the love of a young man. All that was left after her death was some white foam. Simone de Beauvoir tried to reassure herself by thinking that this was only a fairy tale, but she realized that it was more than just that:

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Allen Troxler

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SO MUCH FOR HISTORY

Climbing the dunes, not seeing the sea,
I pause to hear the rush and boom,
hiss and rush of the breakers, sound
as of 12,000 women scrubbing bloody
chainmail, and now in thought between
two waves I strike it done, dumb,
declare a silence, brutal years,
a hush, not day, not night: the wild field
gleams.

Barry Spacks

idea of conquering death through literary immortality but in order to reassure herself of her own existence. For her, writing is an attempt to avoid thinking about death, and a revolt against it. "I've always been haunted by the passing of time and by the fact that death keeps closing in on us. For me, the problem of time is linked up with that of death, with the thought that we inevitably draw closer and closer to it, with the horror of decay."

Simone de Beauvoir: Encounters with Death is the most complete and comprehensive treatment to date of Simone de Beauvoir's special obsession. While this theme has been traced previously in the author's work, Elaine Marks has probed and analyzed every significant manifestation of it, linking it to the two other important themes—old age, with its obvious relationship to death and dying; and women, whose anguish is unrelieved by meaningful, absorbing work. Miss Marks deserves credit for the thoroughness and clarity of her study, and for having resisted the temptation felt by many critics to complicate unnecessarily any discussion of existentialist theory and ethics. □

> *I* was the mermaid. God became an abstract idea in the depths of the sky, and one evening I blotted it out altogether. I've never felt sorry about losing God, for He had robbed me of the earth. But one day I came to realize that in renouncing Him I had condemned myself to death. I was fifteen, and I cried out in fear in the empty house. When I regained my senses, I asked myself, "What do other people do? What will I do? Will I always live with this fear inside me?" From the moment I fell in love with Robert, I never again felt fear of anything.

The last line of this quotation reveals, according to Miss Marks, a movement, common to all of these encounters with death, from solitary anguish to a return to the human community in an effort to find solace and forgetfulness.

It is far easier to confront deaths that lend themselves to an attack on a visible enemy, and it is these deaths that Elaine Marks deals with in subsequent chapters. When the maid's baby dies, Simone de Beauvoir is able to attack the capitalist system that condemns the victims of poverty to an early death. Paradoxically, it is during wartime that death, for the anguished individual, is most easy to confront, for war substitutes a concrete enemy for an abstract foe. This same movement from the abstract human condition to a concrete enemy is apparent in the work of Malraux. The anguish and terror of his early conquerors and adventurers in the face of death is alleviated in his later novels where his revolutionaries fight against visible enemies and are inspirited by the comradeship of men fighting a common enemy. Simone de Beauvoir expressed this idea in the *Prime of Life*, where she wrote that "death is not always an absurd and lonely accident, but sometimes creates living bonds with other people and then it has both meaning and justification." In this way, during the occupation, the "horror of death" frequently took second place to the less agonizing "chance of death."

The final chapter, "The Death of Simone de Beauvoir," concludes that Simone de Beauvoir writes not with the

You'll Find Her at the Movies

DEEPER INTO MOVIES. *By Pauline Kael. Atlantic-Little, Brown and Co. 458 pp. $12.95.*

SEYMOUR KLEINBERG

One of New York's recent disappointments is Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* which I found unmoving and boring. Had it opened unceremoniously at the New Yorker Theatre I might have felt more charitable. But having paid $5, hoping to be entertained if not overwhelmed—an expectation warranted by Pauline Kael in the most effusive review of a movie I can recall—my chagrin bordered on bitterness: if you can't trust Kael. . . .

Later I reminded myself that reading Pauline Kael is often as good as going to the movies anyway, and no one is perfect, and, of course, there are times when it's just impossible to tell why she's either delirious or angry; her reviews are ends in themselves, like good literary criticism. One reads her reviews of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* or *The Adventurers* without any intention of seeing those films. Kael is simply one of the most informed, sensitive and intelligent writers on movies today, though she is not especially consistent or reliable—one of the pleasures of reading her is her unpredictability. She does make clear her biases. Certain actors and directors are uniformly liked if not always praised; others are, with equal uniformity, disliked. Even when she is forced to change her mind, as she recently did about Schlesinger because of *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, her shift is grudging, betrayed by the slight coldness of her admiration. But then a movie, perhaps with serious flaws, will come along—like *The Damned* which she hated ("I have rarely seen a picture I enjoyed less. . . .")—and despite the review, one still doesn't know why. Perhaps Italian pretentiousness is simply more baroque than other kinds, which she seems to tolerate better.

Despite her wide knowledge of movie making, the vitality of her sensibility, her witty intelligence, the key to Kael is her taste. She likes it or not, and finds out why afterward. As she tells her readers in *Deeper Into Movies*, she operates out of her initial responses: "I write because I love trying to figure out what I feel and what I think about what I feel, and why." That accounts for certain discrepancies between her judgments and her arguments. Her reviews are as often about herself as they are about the film: it is her particular response that is analyzed—despite the inaccurate "our experience" and "we go to the movies." Not that I mind, but I'm not fooled. I never was that smart about movies. I enjoy them most when I feel slightly lobotomized. Like all reviewers, Kael assumes that her audience identifies itself with her responses because they have had or will have similar experiences; that is perhaps her naïveté. Vincent Canby or Andrew Sarris may rightly presume that they speak for others, but Kael reveals in her responses something extraordinary: the spectacle of a first-rate mind unpatronizingly bringing its gifts of reason and wit to second-rate work.

She claims that movies are our national theatre, and there are great movies, but they don't open every week: the bulk of what she observes is either trash or inadequate. Rarely does one see the exhibition of popular culture examined by a serious mind for an unserious audience. People who read Kael and love movies share with her the desire to respond fully but usually are not nearly as concerned with the quality of what they are responding to. There is some-

Seymour Kleinberg teaches English literature at Long Island University.

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thing appalling in her rage at the stupidity and vulgarity of an industry which holds her opinions in contempt. She writes a devastating essay on *Airport* which grosses millions. Of course she really shouldn't review it at all, since even if she is unpredictable, neither she nor *The New Yorker* reader, nor any literate person for that matter, is expected to like it, and if for some reason one does like mindlessness, one is not expected to admit it in print.

Kael has her momentary weaknesses for the banal, but not for the vulgar; that is where her tastes and mine part company. Ken Russell, for example, can do no right. He *is* a vulgar director, one gapes at his outrageousness, but whatever his talent, it is intimately connected with that. For what are at bottom the same reasons, Kael damns *Women in Love,* which I thought very good, along with *The Music Lovers,* which is impossible—except that she is cleverer about the Lawrence because, I suspect, she recognizes its superiority. Her reasons are valid; she complains that the movie is faithful to the worst in the novel, which is true, and admits "that you can't get the same things out of a movie that you can out of a great novel," but damns it nevertheless for not being interested in the same things the novel is. She doesn't respond to Glenda Jackson (ever), despite Jackson's being an unusual, really rare actress, always interesting if always intimidating. She squirms at the dialogue, which is almost verbatim Lawrence. There isn't much an actress can do with the lines she objects to, and Jackson copes with them by ignoring their emotional content so that you don't believe she means what she says. Glenda Jackson's Gudrun may be much harder than Lawrence's original, but she is also much more intelligent and perverse—which is not to say she is miscast in the role, as Kael claims.

But what Pauline Kael cannot respond to, she will not like. I don't blame her, for I feel exactly the same way; unfortunately, I'm neither paid nor admired for my arrogance. However, fairness and objectivity are limited virtues, and since no one else in her profession has them, and few offset or even disguise their arbitrariness, this is more in the nature of an aside than a complaint. Perhaps I should say explicitly that even when she is wrong, you don't care.

Pauline Kael is someone to take seriously, partly because movies, whatever their quality, are important in modern life, and partly because her sanity is a joy to encounter. Writers like her are always rare, and one reads her as one used to read: to be educated and pleased simultaneously, even when you recognize her as a voice in the wilderness. Kael's facility for articulating her feelings is what gives her her authority. When we respond to her, it is because she revives for us our inarticulate fantasies, that ambience of urban moviegoing on depression Saturdays and blackout Sundays, all those dim hours lost in wonder; now we wonder how we could possibly have been that innocent. But she remembers, and I am grateful to her for reminding me of my movie grandeurs and servitudes in the least sentimental way possible. □

The Question of Origins

AMERICAN GENESIS: Pre-Colonial Writing in the North. *By Evelyn Page. Gambit. 286 pp. $10.*

KENNETH SILVERMAN

American Genesis surveys the accounts of voyages to North America written between the time of Columbus and of John Smith. Academic literary critics have left this period to the historians; the popular version of the national past leaps from 1492, over it, to Pocahontas. Yet the time between produced remarkable books and remarkable events. Scores of diaries, promotional tracts, and poems about early America by such writers as Gaspar Pérez de Villagrá remain *terra incognita* even to scholars of American literature. Scores of dramatic episodes at the inception of America, tales of wrecked ships, slit throats, and androgynous beasts also have no role in the nation's idea of its history.

In providing a brief introduction to the voyage accounts, Evelyn Page has "a moral as well as a critical purpose." Her critical purpose is to reclaim the period for American literary history. She would date the beginnings of American literature from the early 16th century, and extend its province to writing that is both highly reportorial and in languages other than English. Her allied moral purpose is to rouse Americans from neglect of their polyglot heritage: "Sad Sack, blurred by his daily battles, rejects the duty and finds no pleasure in self-knowledge. . . ." She aims, then, at changing the present canon of American literary history and revising the popular sense of the national past.

Neither of the author's purposes is completely novel. In trying to discern the ideas governing 300 years of American life, a number of scholars have tried to integrate imaginative and nonimaginative works into a single intellectual tradition. Some have found religious typology in use from the Puritan theologians to Norman Mailer; others have detected literary pastoralism in Jefferson, Hawthorne, and cigarette ads. And the author's moral aim echoes the call for a "usable past" issued early in this century, in response to which American writers like Hart Crane and Ezra Pound drummed up Pocahontas and conversed across time with the Adamses. (The dialogue continues in John Berryman's invocation of the 17th-century poet, Anne Bradstreet, in his *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet.*) These stretches of imagination suggest the straining need of a nation of immigrants to make contact with ethnically and intellectually remote historical figures with whom a strong sense of identification seems demanded as a confirmation of full citizenship. The strain is patent in a country that calls its cars Plymouth, Lincoln or Pontiac, and its teams Yankees, Patriots,

Kenneth Silverman teaches English at New York University. His works concerned with early American literature include Colonial American Poetry, Timothy Dwight *and* Selected Letters of Cotton Mather.

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or '76ers, acting worshipful of its history and contemptuous of the past.

Understandable and desirable as its critical and moral purposes may be, however, *American Genesis* does not successfully establish the relation of the voyage accounts to the literary tradition nor inspire kinship with the seekers of El Dorado. Judged as popularization, it presents obscure material—some of it still untranslated—with chatty spiritedness; judged by academic standards, it confuses and evades complex issues.

The major line of critical argument looks plausible: like the early accounts, many classic American fictional narratives are voyages. One thinks of Cooper's sea novels and *Moby Dick*, down a long line to *Ship of Fools* and *Deliverance*. But *The Odyssey*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and sea novels by Scott and Conrad are voyages too. The author never asks whether the American and European fictional voyages differ, or whether the early accounts belong as much to European as to American literary history. The works of Champlain or of Cabeza de Vaca have approximately the same right to be called American literature as Ernest Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast* has to be called French literature.

More important is the connection between, say, Champlain and Cooper. How was the influence of the one transmitted to the other? At times Page implies a direct literary influence: "the voyage readily goes over into imaginative writing. . . ." At other times she speculates that the similarity between early voyage narratives and later fiction "lies rather in a kinship in the American experience, which men from Europe were the first to undergo." The vague language compounds the uncertainty; most of the passages which try to connect earlier and later writers are unconvincing:

> Smith, Lescarbot, and Champlain . . . have traveled far from Columbus, in a changed direction, but Columbus still provides the course to their understanding. So, to propose a still wider range, he also does to that of John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway.
>
> [Faulkner] could not have written as he did if earlier writers had not exercised for him his aboriginal materials and his voyage form.
>
> [The chroniclers of St. Augustine] offer a juxtaposition of loose-strung tale and the structured story, an early confrontation, in battle narratives, between a Stephen Crane and a Francis Parkman.

The metaphorical banter about one writer "providing the course" or "exercising the material" for another scarcely illuminates the historical relationships involved. It seems to give answers when it only covers up the problem. How does Columbus "provide the course" to an understanding of Hemingway? To have found America is not the same as founding American literature.

By two other devices the author seems to relate early and later writers when she really only yokes them together. Marguerite of Navarre and Nicolo Zeno are made to seem ancestors of Hawthorne, the first because she created "a prototype of Hester Prynne," the second because he used "the ancient manuscript device to confirm his story much as Hawthorne uses it in *The Scarlet Letter*. . . ." The same reasoning might serve to link these writers to Flaubert or Defoe. Again, the chapter titles sometimes hint at connections which the text fails to develop. The chapter "Hazards of New Fortunes" —alluding to W. D. Howells' novel— discusses Father Gerónimo Zárate-Salmerón: the chapter does not explain the connection between the 19th-century novelist and the 17th-century missionary. Other such rubrics come from works by Thoreau, Crèvecoeur, Cooper and Whitman. The teasing allusions make slight similarities seem like cause and effect.

Finally, the "critical" purpose argues against the "moral" purpose. Page concludes: "That the pre-colonial literature of northern America supplies many, if not most, of the images of the culture is beyond doubt." While "supplies" again obscures the connection, the sentence seems to say that in 16th-century literature first appear the images of America that still define most Americans' idea of themselves. But what of "Sad Sack," absorbed in "daily battles" and presumably ignorant of his origin? If the voyage accounts have been so much ignored, what explains their presumed influence on national self-consciousness?

Actually, it is doubtful that the writings of Cabeza de Vaca, Cartier and the others contain many or most "of the images of the culture," as if few or none had been added by the Puritans, the Revolution and the depression, or by Locke, Darwin, Marx and Freud. Page argues more convincingly when arguing more modestly that the voyage literature produced not the whole stock of national images but "certain kinds of action" common in later fiction, "such as the martyrdom, the Indian captivity, the Indian battle, and the search for the mine." To these one would add encounters with wild life, since the unique meaning of America remained closely bound to the meaning of American nature. In no other modern Western national literature do animals figure so often at the center of events.

Except in such limited ways, the voyage accounts do not strikingly resemble later imaginative works. Indeed, as the colonists settled in, the accounts went unread by all but antiquaries and travel buffs, the curiosity they once fed long satisfied. Although the more famous later accounts, John Smith's for instance, have already been integrated into American literary history, the lesser, earlier ones will probably not achieve more than a mention. Undoubtedly they record extraordinary moments. But they often do so in promotional tracts, letters home to royal officials, and ships' logs—forms that repel further reading much as do the equally extraordinary communiqués between The Eagle and Mission Control.

Whether the moments themselves will take hold on the nation's sense of the past is another matter. People have whatever view of the past they need to support their hopes for the future. Possibly with the revived ethnicity of the 1970s, and the publicized plight of Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and Indians, the travails of the Spanish and Portuguese voyagers may be restored to national memory as part of what Georg Lukacs called the "pre-history of the present." Meanwhile, the survey of that pre-history in *American Genesis* will satisfy only the casual reader. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

With the waning of art exhibitions in the summer, it is natural that a critic's attention turn to his own profession. The impulse to do so follows a series of lectures, arranged by the School of Education at New York University, which gave some critics and journalists two appearances each: first, a position paper, then, the next day, a discussion. The critics were John Perreault, Robert Pincus-Witten and myself; the journalists Gregory Battcock, John Canaday and Emily Genauer. The lectures were free to the public and well attended, so it seems that writing about art is recognized now as a subject in its own right, a topic as well as a service.

Two of these critics, John Perreault and Robert Pincus-Witten, represent opposite points of view. Perreault is a poet, creator of various performances and Street Works, and art critic of *The Village Voice*; Pincus-Witten, whose dissertation was on an aspect of late 19th-

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century Symbolism, is a professor of art history at Queens College and an associate editor of *Artforum*. Pincus-Witten's position, as stated at NYU, is an austere assertion of the self-sufficiency of art criticism as a discipline. He considers it trespassing for art critics to get into politics, systems thinking, or the sociology of knowledge. To him the techniques of art criticism should derive solely from those of art history. The subjects available to a critic whose activity is defined in this way will necessarily be circumspect. Pincus-Witten sees this as the only rigorous way to write, but I cannot rid myself of the fear that this narrowness could be the fulfillment of a parochial ideology rather than a cultural absolute.

Perreault, on the contrary, is improvisatory. He writes in the first person and can include details of his legwork from gallery to gallery, as well as encounters and distractions along the way. He has a keen eye and an open mind; his observations and reflections are kept in the context of daily life in which they occurred in the first place. Art and daily life penetrate each other, which is exactly the contact that Pincus-Witten wants to block. The closest parallel to Perreault's form, though the pace is different, is in Paul Valéry's art criticism, especially "Degas Dance Drawing." In the course of this essay he notes the form of its construction, which he characterizes as "vague branch work." By this he means a form like the growth of trees or the course of rivers, which start from a single point and widen out, sequentially but unpredictably. A textual example: Valéry records the enmity, during the French Revolution, of a man named Mallarmé and another named Degas. The anecdote goes in because the Degas that Valéry is writing about was a great friend of Stéphane Mallarmé and the accidental specific detail was too good to pass up. This should not be regarded merely as an aside. Information can consist of arbitrary facts, personal to the author, freely clustered, as well as consecutive steps in a causal argument.

Perreault's criticism is within the genre of art criticism as established by Diderot in his *Salons* in the mid-18th century. Diderot, faced with a thousand or so new works in each Salon, walked-looked-thought-wrote in one impacted process. Hence the variety of subjects, the jumps in mood, and the discursive exuberance of the *Salons*. In Perreault, subjects such as the function of the masterpiece, the taste of dealers, and the sudden difficulties of Clement Greenberg-influenced Abstract painting reveal a comparable fertile and responsive grasp of the art scene.

Pincus-Witten, however, opposes the

HIS HALTING WALK

Did he sleepwalk here through twenty years
Of hopes chiseled, cheap miseries, fatigue?
For what? For whom? Not for him surely, yet
The chair was his, its tufts, its buttons: his,
The paneled ceiling: his. When did he choose
This lamp, table, this dish of jellied fruit,
Those children sleeping in that darkened room?
When did it start: the month, the exact date?

When he learned to write, he wrote his name this way.

Frederick Feirstein

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Diderotesque mode in favor of two ideas derived from art history. These are (*1*) academic research methods and (*2*) a deterministic view of art history, by which we are supposed to be able to recognize the priorities among styles as they occur. Great Men, in their alleged prominence, rather than their cultural basis, become his concern. There is no doubt that art history has had a salutory effect on the general literature of art. The gains in our knowledge of the events of recent art are immense. Two generations ago research was rudimentary and its coverage riddled with lacunae, whereas there is now a quantity of verifiable information about modern artists. It is largely the application of art-historical methods to the present that has brought about this change, though a significant contribution has also been made by the writings of artists themselves.

Given the present situation in the arts, what are the advantages of the discursive and the academic approaches, represented by Perreault and Pincus-Witten respectively? Just now there is "a situation of multiplicity" (John Cage's phrase) without a dominant movement or uncontested hero. An art-historical response to this would be either (*1*) to describe a limited, self-coherent section of the field by means of the regular scholarly apparatus or (*2*) to construct a historical perspective. The temptation to try for the latter is great because it seems to resolve the gap between limited research and broad questions. Art historians attuned like Pincus-Witten to the current scene are certainly aware of the imputation of triviality to many of their research projects. Thus the desire is strong to assure the significance of their interests by giving them the largest frame of reference possible, that of historical inevitability.

For instance, Pincus-Witten has written illuminatingly on Eva Hesse in the catalogue of her memorial exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, but he went beyond her art personally in one respect. He extrapolated from her art a group-style that he called "Post-Minimalism." This term was intended to define artists who had started with the stark forms of Minimal sculpture and developed toward soft, shaggy or textured forms. More recently he has proposed to differentiate among Conceptual artists by nominating one approach, which he calls "Epistemological Conceptualism," as the right way. This seems to me to do violence to the historical method: it is one thing to define artists by objective research procedures and quite another to confer main-line status on one of several movements while they are all in progress. The fact that the art of the past can be viewed as a succession of styles does not justify selective inattention to the unfinished projects of live artists.

Pincus-Witten, like other art critics with art-history training, faces this problem. As a critic his function is the recognition of new art, but given his absolutist position he is the enemy of diversity. His openness to new art is thus in conflict with his desire to apprehend the great art of his time immediately. The new is reduced only to what such a critic can anticipate. Historical objectivity is defeated by the exhilaration of dogmatic authority.

It used to be that the 19th and 20th centuries were regarded as poles apart: one was "Victorian," the other "Modern." However, the art of both centuries is alike in that there has been a continuous proliferation of equally valid styles as our culture reached population densities never known before. Thus, if I am right, the present situation of New York, without clear heroes and movements, is not really unlike the basic diversity of modern art as a whole. Pincus-Witten's view, for all his astuteness, for all his expertise, does not take account of this crowded world, whereas Perreault's wide-angled, seemingly casual criticism does.

Incidentally, Perreault's selected essays are due from Dutton in the near future. I know Pincus-Witten is studying possible connections between Symbolism and Jasper Johns, a use of art history which is legitimate and promises useful results. Difficulties only arise when academic methodology is used to freeze the current scene into a pre-emptive history. □

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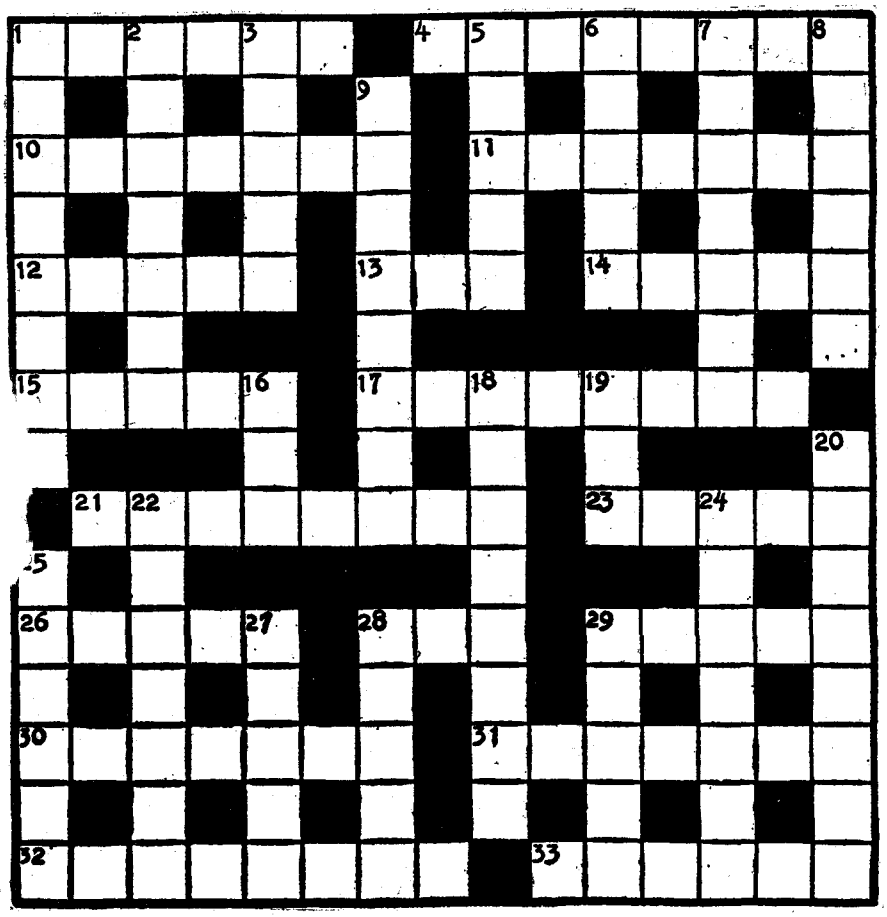

ACROSS

1 and 4 How to clean the scuttle and tighten things. (4,2,3,5)
10 Proving lettuce can be dangerous. (7)
11 Rest is disturbed after a high ball is taken back as a prop. (7)
12 Birds wherein the box variety might not have tails. (5)
13, 14 and 31 How some sprinters get their kicks can't be placed. (3,2,3,7)
15 Stop the ball being part of the flag? (5)
17 Is the bus-stop not changed to show A-1? (3-5)
21 Proving a prefix, for example, might be just a little matter. (8)
23 One might feed the computer with it. (5)
26 and 18 down Tire with this, and you might have trouble, applicable to many a harassed worker. (5-8)
28 and 22 down No unisex markings for those on the rack! (3,3,4)
29 A good score relatively familiar in Italy.
30 Give something temporarily while tucked in? It's all mixed up! (7)
31 See 13 across.
32 Press one for a reply, though it's out of order. (8)
33 See 2 down.

DOWN

1 and 25 down Imagine a song being used to start a mind-reading trick! (5,2,1,6)
2 and 33 across Don't go back to the way things were—it might be the precursor of a good tip. (4,3,6)
3 They take advantage of things coming back in the previous result. (5)
5 Smoking jacket in one sense or the other.
6 It implies going off together. (5)
7 How to make a cat sit, but not in a fixed position. (7)
8 Blimp, by the sound of it, or just the most important part? (6)
9 One doesn't believe coasting is involved with it! (8)
16 It might be associated with dash. (3)
18 See 26 across.
19 Do the Japanese consider it an encirclement? (3)
20 It's peculiar, but around fifty one has no aspiration to be subjected to such a hold. (8)
22 See 28 across.
24 In marriage, 16 might be one. (7)
25 See 1 down.
27 Stayed on top of nothing, but one tries to stay on top of something here! (5)
28 Doesn't reveal the sole source, perhaps.
29 Twain's conductor did with care. (5)

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ACROSS: 1 and 6 Accordion pleat; 9 Onset; 10 Tea for two; 11 Enlargers; 12 Horns; 13 Susan; 15 About turn; 18 Sentiment; 20 Issue; 22 Prorating; 25 In a temper; 26 Atone; 27 Nones; 28 Posthaste. DOWN: 1 and 13 down Above suspicion; 2 and 21 down Castles in Spain; 3 Rotor; 4 and 19 In the same class; 5 Nears; 6 Prophetic; 7 Enter; 8 Thousands; 14 Noiseless; 16 Outboards; 17 Unanimous; 22 Pop up; 23 Awash; 24 Geese.

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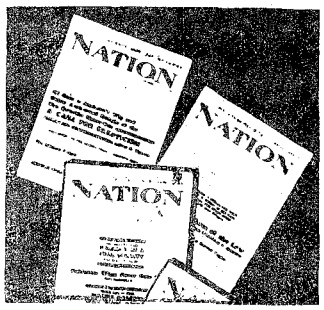

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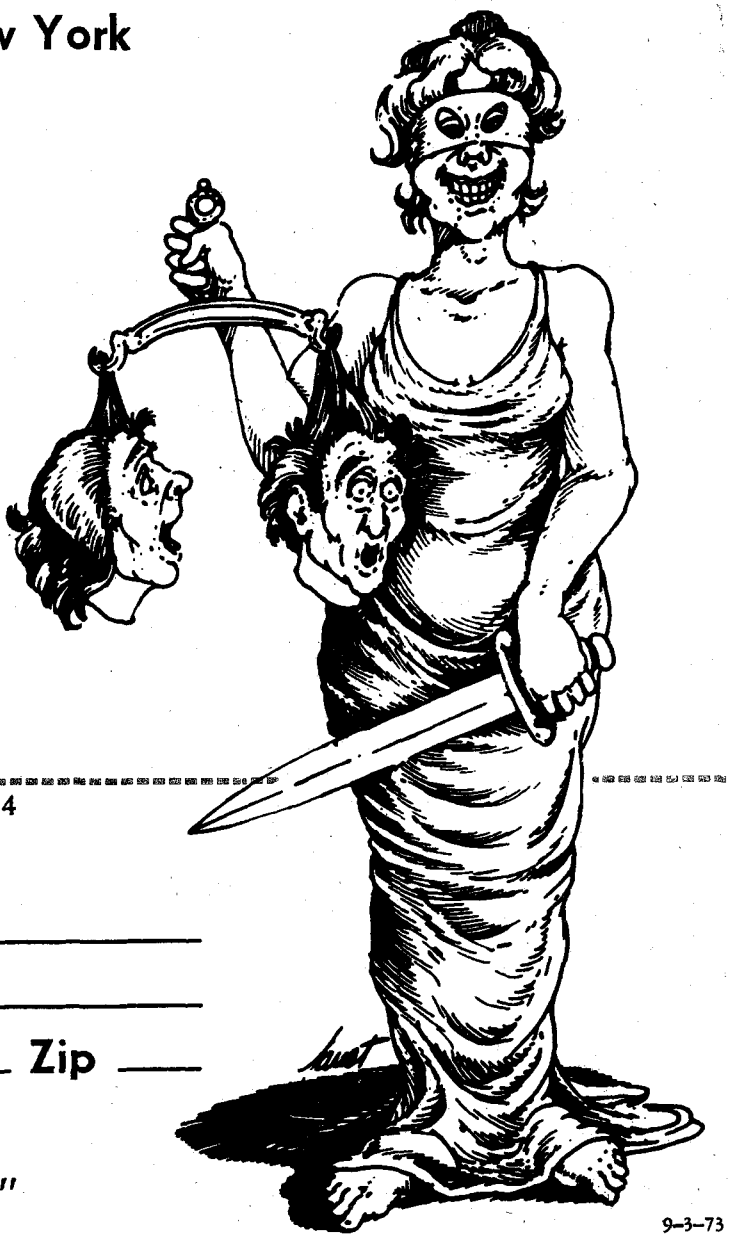

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